

# Ypsilanti Commercial.

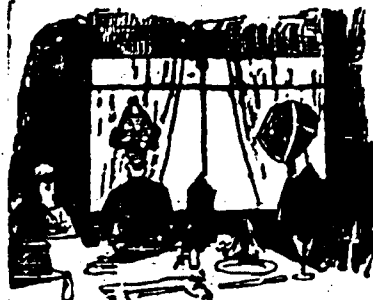
VOL. 25 NO. 87.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY NOVEMBER 9, 1888.

WHOLE NO. 1285

## LOCAL.

### Resisting Temptation.



Blindfolded Landlady (who is not a first class provider)—Isn't it a little unusual to wear a baseball mask at table?

Blindfolded—I thought I'd better, Mrs. Pitkin. I was afraid I'd forget myself and eat your little niece some day.—Time.

We have met the enemy.

Four weeks from yesterday is Thanksgiving.

New Ads. this week for Frank Smith, Comstock & Co., and Davis & Co.

Lecture at Normal Hall to-night by Col. Sanford. Number two in the regular Normal Course.

Office boy (to editor)—There's a lady outside, sir, with some poetry. Editor—How old is she? 'Bout seventeen. 'Show her in.

You can guess on the beans free. You must pay a years subscription at the time you guess, however. Bear these facts in mind, and come in and guess.

The ladies of the African M. E. church will give a concert and fair at Benevolent Hall, on Thanksgiving eve, for the benefit of their pastor. An admission fee of 10c will be charged.

The Normal News for Nov. is well under way, and will be issued about November 15th. It will contain a very interesting article by Prof. W. H. Brooks, concerning the extensive western trip he took this summer.

The Ladies' Literary Club will meet next Wednesday, at 3 p. m., with Mrs. Higley, S. Huron street. Program is as follows: Belfast to Glasgow; Geography of Scotland; Glasgow; Thomas Campbell; Glasgow to Ayr; Robert Burns.

The Ladies' Library Association will give a parlor lecture, next Wednesday evening at the residence of Prof. Daniel Putnam, on Forest Ave. The lecture will be delivered by Prof. A. Lodeman. A cordial invitation is extended to the public.

Since the fall rains began, some six or eight weeks ago, it has rained every Friday. That being our publication day has made us notice it. Whether the same thing will happen again this week or not we cannot say, but it certainly is raining now, Thursday afternoon, with little prospect of stopping.

The Ypsilanti Commercial proposes to give \$10 in gold to the person who can guess nearest to the number of beans in a one-quart Mason jar, but the editor gets the pinch on an avicious public by allowing nobody to guess who doesn't put up the cash for a year's subscription.—Detroit News.

The Board of Supervisors last week accepted the bid of the Ann Arbor Register to print the proceedings of the Board and 1500 pamphlets, for \$89.50. This is not over half of what the job is worth. Just why the Ann Arbor papers continue year after year to make the county a present of about \$100 in this one matter, is something of a mystery.

We had the pleasure last Tuesday evening of hearing the Aronson Opera Company of the Casino Theater, New York, sing Erminie, in the Detroit Opera House. As is well known, B. F. Joslyn formerly of this city is now a soloist in this company, and Mrs. Richard Guise, formerly Miss Edie Chamberlain of Ypsilanti, one of the choruses. We would be pleased to speak particularly of the work done by Mr. Joslyn, but as the Company is to be in Chicago shortly, when "Uncle Billy" will give him an extensive write-up, we restrain ourselves.

Harper's for November is an excellent number. The frontispiece is an illustration by Abbey of an old English song. C. H. Farnum contributes a pleasant article on the lower St. Lawrence. One of the illustrations, "Old men in a row," is a wonderful study of faces. A very interesting article, "A Museum of the History of Paris," by T. Childs, and one by Charles Gayarre on the "New Orleans Bench and Bar in 1823," make the number one of unusual historical importance. Richard Wheatley's sketch of the "New York Real Estate Exchange" is enriched by portraits of the Astors, A. J. Bleeker and other noted New Yorkers. Mrs. Penell completes her charming paper on her "Journey to the Hebrides," which so roused the wrath of William Black. "In Far Lochaber," by far the most interesting of Black's recent novels, is completed as is Mr. Howell's new departure in novels, "Auntie Kilburn." A. B. Ward contributes a bright paper on "Invalidism as a Fine Art." The editorial departments are fully up to the usual standard.

Four foot wood wanted at this office.

"Enduring Hardness, or The Christian Warfare," is Mr. Beale's subject at the Congregational Church next Sunday morning. No evening service on account of the Bible Society meeting. Seats are free and all are welcome.

The League of American Wheelmen numbers 15,000 members. The majority of the women who ride do so for the benefit of their health. There are a large number of them, though. Riding may be indulged in whenever the ground is clear of snow and nine or ten months can generally be counted on for the sport. —A Writer in the N. Y. World.

### Died.

Mr. Samuel Casey of Superior died Oct. 28th, in the 86th year of his age. Mr. Casey was one of the oldest pioneers of Washtenaw county. He leaves a wife and adopted son to mourn his loss. The funeral services were conducted the following Tuesday, by Rev. J. Venning, of the Ypsilanti Methodist church.

### The Elections.

Our readers are doubtless all familiar long ere this with the results of Tuesday election. The victory for the Republicans was sweeping and complete. We give an account of all that is known at present on page six.

The entire Democratic ticket for Washtenaw county was elected by majorities of from 600 to 1100. Capt. Allen was re-elected Congressman in this district by an increased majority. Ypsilanti gave a majority for every Republican on the ticket except Powers.

### Next Thursday.

The country is again deemed safe, and the Bazarette will celebrate with all of its patrons at the bright little store on Huron street, next Thursday. All patriotic inhabitants of this, and surrounding cities, are invited to come and join in the general rejoicing over the fine line of new goods which will be displayed in all the splendor available, at this season of the year, in this uncertain climate. Ladies from the country especially invited to come and spend the day, and to bring their oldest children (and lunch). If not able to visit this show on Thursday, make up for lost time by going on both Friday and Saturday. Don't miss a good chance of being entertained and instructed.

### A Great Concert.

The University Musical Society of Ann Arbor has secured for Monday evening, Nov. 20th, the Redpath Lyceum Grand Concert Company.

This company is made up of the following artists: Miss Emma Duch, prima-donna soprano; Miss Hope Glenn, contralto of the Nilsson Concert Co.; Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg, Violin virtuoso; Mme. Teresa Carreno, the world-renowned Pianiste; and Mr. Leon Keach, musical director and accompanist.

These are soloists of whom it is hardly necessary to speak; they are all of national and European celebrity, and rank with the greatest names now before the public. Such performers will furnish a programme surpassing interest to musicians as well as to the general public. It is undoubtedly one of the strongest organization ever brought together for lyceum purposes, and has been formed only after repeated efforts and by a fortunate combination of circumstances which rendered the services of these artists available for the engagement.

The concert will be given in University Hall. Admission, with reserved seats, \$1.

### German in Five Weeks.

Professor A. P. Haupt, A. M., so well known as the originator of a method by which he imparts a practical speaking, reading, and writing knowledge in a course of five weeks' most interesting lecture lessons, is arranging to give his course in Ypsilanti. He has leased rooms of D. C. Batchelder over the bank where his course will open on next Tuesday at hours not as yet determined. Many of our most influential citizens have been at the professor's lectures in Detroit, through whose influence he has been induced to come here. We bespeak the professor much success as he comes to us with the most excellent commendations from the best people in the large cities in this country.

You'll find it Nov. 15th, at the Bazarette.

Always read our "Ad." on page 8.

The oysters F. A. Oberst is receiving daily are the best. Try a can and be convinced.

Call at 27, Congress street, for all kinds of Sewing Machine Needles, repairs, and oil. White Sewing Machine Co.

Lost on Nov. 2nd between the P. O. and Hewitt & Champion's store, a lady's small gold watch. Monogram on back. Leave at Commercial office and receive reward.

Normal students are respectfully solicited to ease their weary brains by a pleasing relaxation from severe mental labor, by visiting the Bazarette Opening next Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

### Wanted.

To hire an experienced Dry Goods salesman. None other may apply. Address Ypsilanti P. O., Box 1840.

### Pat Stock Show at Chicago.

Special excursion tickets will be sold on Monday, Nov. 12, Wednesday 14th, Friday 16th, Monday 19th, Wednesday 21st, and Friday 23rd, at one and one third fare for the round trip with fifty cents added for admission to show. Tickets good for five days, on all trains except the Limited Vestabular express, No. 606.

## PERSONAL.

Miss Flora Parker is home from Detroit. Miss Fannie Long has returned from her visit in Detroit.

Miss Schwab of Spring Lake is the new telegraph operator at the Sanitarium. Howard Whitney who has been ill for over a month, is able to be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Leadley from Detroit are visiting C. F. Long of Forest Ave.

Miss Lena Cooper of North Lansing is visiting her friend Mrs. Carrie Jewell this week.

Harold F. Bayles will commence two weeks' evangelical work in Cleveland next Sunday.

Prof. Earnest Pitkin of Brighton is making a week's visit with Ypsilanti relatives and friends.

Mr. Geo. C. Smith starts next Monday for a two weeks' visit with relatives and friends in Missouri and Illinois.

Mrs. Hayes at La Grange, Ind., has been spending a few days of this week with Miss Lane and Mrs. Gilbert of Adams street.

Mrs. Dr. Knickerbocker and baby Arthur started Wednesday to join her husband at their new home in Fertile, Minn.

Mr. Lon Neat returned from a week's visit in Detroit Saturday evening accompanied by his friend Mr. George Billings of Pontiac.

Prof. B. B. Morgan and sister Emma, Ann Arbor, visited their brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Geer, last week. Miss Emma will remain some time.

Sunday, Oct. 28, the home of H. W. Geer was gladdened by the arrival of a boy. Is it surprising that the fond papa smiles serenely over his only voter?

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Spencer of Carbondale, Pa., are visiting Mr. E. M. Spencer of Huron St. Mr. Spencer is cashier of the Miners' and Mechanics' Bank at Carbondale.

Mrs. Richard Guise of the Aronson Opera Company which is singing this week in Detroit, spent several days in Ypsilanti, the guest of her mother, Mrs. Chamberlain of Oak street.

Allen Rutherford, Mr. J. H. Neff's little grandson was seriously scalded on his face and neck last Saturday by hot tea which was accidentally spilled on him. The doctors hope it will heal without leaving a scar.

Misses Nora Long, Jennie Forest, Gertrude Rolison, Bertha Goodison, Grace George, Lottie Lee, and Nora Babbitt, were induced by two bewitching young gentlemen to walk with them clear to Ann Arbor, last Saturday. The girls survived the ordeal.

One Swallow Does not Make a Summer. Did she give a tender glance? Who has to tongue refused to speak? Let it not try his patience, Nor for further glances seek; One such look from maiden's eye Is no pledge of constancy.

Did she call thee fond or dear, Sitting dreamily alone? Drive the echo from the ear, Be not tricked by one sweet tone; One such whisper does not prove, That she yields thee all her love.

Did she heave a deep-drawn sigh When thou hadst a sad farewell? Did a tear-drop dim her eye? Yield not to the potent spell; One such tear or ling'ring sigh Proves not she will love for aye.

"From Year to Year."

"One of Raphael Tuck and Sons' Calendars for the year 1889 is really a gem. It is in book form, and designed by Pauline Suter, with composites by Her. M. Burnside. January shows two little girls who come timidly along drawing behind them a little wagon full of dolls; they hold one another by the hands and look as pretty as they are innocent, their hair fluttering in the breeze and falling in masses over their foreheads, their chubby little faces aglow with good nature and even dolls laughing. Their appeal—'Could we stay this year with you?'—could not be refused by any one. They evidently stay the year, for in the pages that follow they are shown in various occupations, feeding the birds, plucking wild flowers, rollicking in the grassy fields, and sitting by the seashore, making little rivers in the sand. On the page between June and July there is a picture of a milestone almost hidden by the flowers, but on which the inscription 'Half Way' can be seen. Throughout the Calendar they are dressed in costumes appropriate to the different months of the year. In April they take refuge from the showers 'neath umbrellas; in May they fall asleep among the daisies in the field as they murmur: 'Nodding, nodding, to and fro, In the grass the daisies grow.' 'In December they depart, muffled up to protect themselves from the cold, their satchels on their arms; and as the hands of the clock point to midnight they say: 'We hope you have had a pleasant year.' 'The last part of the Calendar has a candle burnt almost to the bottom, and is just dying out, indicating the close of the year.' This charming Calendar Book for 1889 has 18 pages of color and monochrome illustrations, gold edged, silk cord and tassels.

A BARNY GIFT—to be had at all first-class stores throughout the United States, or mailed to any address on receipt of 50 cents. Address RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, 'Art Stationer,' 298 BROADWAY, N. Y.

If you want a felt hat, save money by going to the Bee-Hive.

As usual a souvenir will be given every visitor at the Bazarette Opening next Thursday.

## YPSILANTI BOYS.

Uncle Billy Talks to them of the passing of Summer—Recollections of its Pleasures. The Cruise of the Amaranth.—Michigan my Michigan.

CHICAGO, Saturday afternoon.

MY DEAR BOYS:—This letter is a reminiscence of summer. As I walked out to-day and met men, women and children, with their arms full of plants, little girls with plants in baskets, work lug men with plants in pails, ladies with plants in paper bundles, all coming from the parks where the geraniums and other flowers that have beautified these grounds all the season have been turned over to the people to help themselves before Jack Frost asserts his sway; as I passed the yacht-club anchorage where the men with blocks and tackle were hauling the trim models out on shore, to lie there till six months go by, I realized how nearly the winter is upon us. This bright day after the bluster and darkness of the past week, is as though summer, when she left us, thought again, and repenting of her rude departure came back to kiss us a farewell; and now—smiling tenderly and full of regret, she lingers with us for a season before she's gone indeed. As you grow older and see each bright summer one less of those you shall enjoy, you will get to love it more and more, and to look upon these last autumnal days with a reluctant feeling that you can't describe. A feeling put in words by Tennyson when he speaks of "Tears, idle tears," that "Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes, In looking on the pleasant autumn fields, And thinking of the days that are no more."

In this good-bye to summer come recollections of the things she brought, and most of all, remembrances of a journey of which I have been eager to tell you for a long time, but never had an opportunity. That is, a trip about the South.

Now a very lovable man who has written some delightful books about rambles through woods and fields, John Burroughs, says somewhere, when he is giving directions to his friend who wants to learn how to enjoy the beauties of nature, "Go alone, or take a boy." It is quite likely that you will not appreciate the full value of this advice. But after you have been forced to travel with the so-called "cultured" people, who are always laboring to show how much they know, who insist on telling how things are on the Atlantic or on the Rhine, who are never surprised at anything, and who ought to have died before they saw so much, you will recognize how much pleasure there is in a trip where you can have a liberal allowance of clear, undiluted boy. "Take a boy" says Mr. Burroughs; I did better than that, I took a half a dozen. Where we went and what we did shall constitute this letter, and if I can throw upon you even a reflection of the bright spirit of interest and fun that lit up our cruise, I shall feel well repaid.

The Amaranth is a two-masted yacht, twenty-eight feet long, about the size of the Adeline in which our Ypsilanti boys went sailing in June. If you had been a sea gull amongst those that flew over the deck of a large vessel in upper Lake Huron one fine evening last August, you would have seen five boys reclining in various apparently impossible, but nevertheless comfortable positions about the deck, reading. There is a noise that comes up from the hold of that same ship, and up those five boys jump and clamber down the ladder to that ever welcome diversion, supper. The two boys who have been detailed to cook this day, have set up the sheet-iron stove down there away from the windy deck, and have prepared a savory meal which the clear lake air by its influence upon the appetite will make more savory still. There is steaming hot soup, boiled corn on the cob, potatoes soft and white, bread to make a young housekeeper despair of ever learning how to make as good, cookies, the joy of every boy's heart, cocoa to drink, or pure lake water, as you prefer, and a great blushing ripe melon that makes your mouth water. Here was a banquet fit for a king, and never were prince and noble in a happier, jollier mood than the seven hungry boys from Michigan who sit before a fresh and yellow plue plank across two barrels, with the bright blue sky showing through the open hatchways in that empty hold whose long, oak ribbed expanse, rivals the great timber-arched hall of William Rufus.

This was the fourth day we had been on board this vessel since leaving Detroit, and in a short time we were to leave it; for right ahead, only a few miles away, with thickly wooded crown, rose Drummond's Island, at the entrance to Georgian Bay; and west of that lay the passage or *debar* that led us to our first stopping place. So you, if still soaring over our heads, would see us bustling to collect our baggage from the various parts of the ship and lay them near the main hatch in a pile. The Amaranth, which, blocked with pieces of timber stands on the deck, is hoisted up and over the rail by tackle from the rigging and then let down until she's in the water. Over the side go Tom and Dick and Hal, then Jo and Jack and Bill pass down the bundles, bedquills, guns, flash-

(Continued on page eight.)

## HARRIS BROS. & CO.

If you like a good cup of Coffee try our REVERE JAVA and BLEND.

## TYCOON TEA HOUSE.

## A Fine All Wool Dress for \$3.

We are selling a 25 inch Dress Flannel For 50 cents per yard, that was sold last year for 90c. This cannot be bought in any other place now for less than 75c. It is the best bargain we have ever offered and would like everyone to call in and see it. Six yards makes a full dress pattern.

E. M. Comstock & Co.

## We have the best \$25. plush cloak in town.

## NORMAL \* STUDENTS \*

—Look to your interest and buy—

## WOOD and COAL!

Where you will get SOUND WOOD, FULL MEASURE, and a BUNCH of LISTING with every half cord of wood at

## SAMSON'S WOOD YARD.

Only One Block East of the Normal. ON CROSS ST.

## 20 PER CENT OFF! Dress Making!



One Hundred Pairs of LADIES' FINE SAMPLE SHOES

In Sizes 3 and 3 1-2, Widths B and C.

## GOODSPEED'S,

Your Shoe Dealer.

Miss Middagh wishes to announce to the Public that she is now prepared to do DRESS MAKING in a Neat and Substantial style at very Reasonable Prices.

Cor. Ballard and Olive Streets.

## TO RENT!

House with Barn on Huron St. Inquire of Philo Ferrier & Son.



# The Mystery of a Hansom Cab

By FERGUS W. HUME



## CHAPTER XIII.

### MADGE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

Madge stepped into the cab, and Calton paused a moment to tell the cabman to drive to the railway station, when she stopped him.

"Tell him to drive to Brian's lodgings in Powlett street," she said, laying her hand on Calton's arm.

"What for?" asked the lawyer, in astonishment.

"And also to go past the Melbourne club, as I want to stop there."

"What the deuce does she mean?" muttered Calton, as he gave the necessary orders and stepped into the cab.

"And now," he asked, looking at his companion, who had let down her veil, while the cab rattled quickly down the street, "what do you intend to do?"

She threw back her veil, and he was astonished to see the sudden change which had come over her. There were no tears now, and her eyes were hard and glittering, while her mouth was firmly closed. She looked like a woman who had determined to do a certain thing, and would carry out her intentions at whatever cost.

"I am going to save Brian in spite of himself," she said very distinctly.

"But how?"

"Simply this," she answered. "In the first place, I may tell you that I do not understand Brian's statement that he keeps silence for my sake, as there are no secrets in my life that can justify him saying so, but the facts of the case are simply these: Brian, on the night in question, left our place, at St. Kilda, at 11 o'clock. He told me he would call at the club to see if there were any letters for him, and then go straight home."

"But he might have said that merely as a blind."

Madge shook her head.

"No, I don't think so. I never asked him where he was going, and he told me quite spontaneously. I know Brian's character, and he would not go and tell a deliberate lie, especially when there was no necessity for it. I am quite certain that he intended to do as he said, and go straight home. When he got to the club he found a letter there, which caused him to alter his mind."

"But who did he receive the letter from?"

"Can't you guess?" she said, impatiently.

"From the person, man or woman, who wanted to see him and reveal this secret about me, whatever it is. He got the letter at his club and went down Collins street to meet the writer. At the corner of the Scotch church he found Mr. Whyte, and on recognizing him left in disgust and walked down Russell street to keep his appointment."

"Then you don't think he came back?"

"I am certain he did not, for, as Brian told you, there are plenty of young men who wear the same kind of coat and hat as he does. Who the second man who got into the cab was I do not know, but I will swear that it was not Brian."

"And you are going to look for that letter?"

"Yes, in Brian's lodgings."

"He might have burnt it."

"He might have," she answered. "Brian is the most careless man in the world; he would put the letter into his pocket, or throw it into the waste paper basket and never think of it again."

"In this case he did, however."

"Yes, he thought of the conversation he had with the writer, but not of the letter itself. Depend upon it, we will find it in his desk, or in one of the pockets of the clothes he wore that night."

"Then there's another thing," said Calton, thoughtfully. "The letter might have been delivered to him between the Elizabeth street railway station and the club."

"We can soon find out about that," answered Madge. "For Mr. Rolleston was with him at that time."

"So he was," answered Calton; "and here is Rolleston coming down the street. We'll ask him now."

The cab was just passing the Burke and Willis monument, and Calton's quick eye had caught a glimpse of Rolleston coming down the street on the left hand side. The cab drove up to the curb, and Rolleston stopped short, as Calton sprang out directly in front of him. Madge lay back in the cab and pulled down her veil, not wishing to be recognized by Felix, as she knew that if he did it would soon be all over town.

"Hallo! old chap," said Rolleston, in considerable astonishment. "Where did you spring from?"

"From the cab, of course," answered Calton, with a laugh.

"A kind of Deus ex machina," replied Rolleston, attempting a bad pun.

"Exactly," said Calton. "Look here, Rolleston, do you remember the night of Whyte's murder—you met Fitzgerald at the railway station?"

"In the train," corrected Felix.

"Well, well, no matter, you came up with him to the club."

"Yes, and left him there."

"Did you notice if he received any message while he was with you?"

"Any message?" repeated Felix. "No, he did not; we were talking together the whole time, and he spoke to no one but me."

"Was he in good spirits?"

"Excellent; made me laugh awfully—but why all this fuss?"

"Oh, nothing," answered Calton, getting back into the cab. "I wanted a little information from you, I'll explain next time I see you. Good-by."

"But I say," began Felix, but the cab had already rattled away, so Mr. Rolleston turned angrily away.

"I never saw anything like these lawyers," he said to himself. "Calton's a perfect whirlwind, by Jove."

Meanwhile Calton was talking to Madge.

"You were right," he said, "there must have been a message for him at the club, for he got none from the time he left your place."

"And what shall we do now?" asked Madge, who, having heard all the conversation, did not trouble about questioning the lawyer about it.

"Find out at the club if any letter was waiting for him on that night," said Calton, as the cab stopped at the door of the Melbourne club. "Here we are, and with a hasty word to Madge, he ran up the steps. He went to the office of the club to find

out if any letters had been waiting for Fitzgerald, and he found that a letter with which he was perfectly acquainted.

"Look here, Brown," said the lawyer, "do you remember on that Thursday night when the hansom cab murder took place if any letters were waiting here for Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"Well, really, sir," hesitated Brown, "it's so long ago that I almost forget."

Calton gave him a sovereign.

"Oh! it's not that, Mr. Calton," said the waiter, pocketing the coin, nevertheless.

"But I really do forget."

"Try and remember," said Calton, shortly. Brown made a tremendous effort of memory, and at last gave a satisfactory answer.

"No, sir, there were none."

"Are you sure?" said Calton, feeling a thrill of disappointment.

"Quite sure, sir," replied the other, confidently. "I went to the letter rack several times that night, and I am sure there were none for Mr. Fitzgerald."

"Ah! I thought as much," said Calton, heaving a sigh.

"Stop!" said Brown, as though struck with a sudden idea. "Though there was no letter came by post, sir, there was one brought to him on that night."

"Ah!" said Calton, turning sharply. "At what time?"

"Just before 12 o'clock, sir."

"Who brought it?"

"A young woman, sir," said Brown, in a tone of disgust. "A bold thing, begin your pardon, sir; and no better than she could be. She bounded in at the door as bold as brass, and sings out, 'Is he in?' 'Get out,' I says, 'or I'll call the police.' 'Oh no, you won't,' says she; 'You'll give him that, and she shows a letter in my hands.' 'Who's him?' I asks. 'I dunno,' she answers. 'It's written there, and I can't read; give it him at once.' And then she clears out before I could stop her."

"And the letter was for Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"Yes, sir, and a precious dirty letter it was, too."

"You gave it to him, of course?"

"I did, sir. He was playing cards and he put it in his pocket, after having looked at the outside of it, and went on with his game."

"Didn't he open it?"

"No, then, sir; but he did later on, about a quarter to 1 o'clock. I was in the room, and he opens it and reads it. Then he says to himself, 'What a—d impertinence,' and puts it into his pocket."

"Was he disturbed?"

"Well, sir, he looked angry like, and put his coat and hat on and walked out about five minutes to 1."

"Ah! and he met Whyte at 1," muttered Calton. "There's no doubt about it. The letter was an appointment, and he was going to keep it. What kind of a letter was it?" he asked.

"Very dirty, sir, in a square envelope; but the paper was good, and so was the writing."

"That will do," said Calton; "I am much obliged to you, and he hurried down to where Madge waited in the cab."

"You were right," he said to her, when the cab was once more in motion. "He got a letter on that night, and went to keep his appointment at the time he met Whyte."

"I knew it," cried Madge with delight. "You see, we'll find it in his lodgings."

"I hope so," answered Calton; "but we must not be too sanguine; he may have destroyed it."

"No, he has not," she replied; "I am convinced it is there."

"Well," answered Calton, looking at her, "I won't contradict you, for your feminine instincts have done more to discover the truth than my reasonings; but that is often the case with women—they jump in the dark where a man would hesitate, and in nine cases out of ten land safely."

"Alas for the tenth!" said Miss Fretfyll.

"She has to be the one exception to prove the rule."

She had in a great measure recovered her spirits, and seemed confident that she would save her lover. But Mr. Calton saw that her nerves were strung up to the highest pitch, and that it was only her strong will that kept her from breaking down altogether.

"By Jove," he muttered, in an admiring tone, as he watched her, "she's a plucky girl, and Fitzgerald is a lucky man to have a woman like that in love with him."

They soon arrived at Brian's lodgings, and the door was opened by Mrs. Sampson, who looked very disconsolate indeed. The poor cricket had been blowing herself severely for the information she had given to the false insurance agent, and the floods of tears which she had wept had apparently had an effect on her physical condition, for she crinkled less loudly than usual, though her voice was as shrill as ever.

"That such a thing should've happened to 'im," she wailed, in her thin, high voice. "An' me that proud of 'im, not 'avin' any family of my own, except one as died an' went up to 'leaving arter 'is father, which I voves as they both are now angels, an' 'is father, as 'is nature 'ad not developed in this valley of the shoulder to determine 'is feelin' towards 'is father when 'e died, bein' carried off by a chill, caused by the change from 'ot to cold, the weather bein' that contrary."

They had arrived at Brian's sitting room by this time, and Madge sank into a chair, while Calton, anxious to begin the search, said rather impatiently, as he opened the door for her: "Leave us for a short time, there's a good soul; Miss Fretfyll and I want to have a rest, and we will ring for you when we are going."

"Thank you, sir," said the lacrymose landlady, "an' I voves they won't 'ang 'im, which is such a choky way of dyin'; but in life we are in death," she went on, rather incoherently, "as is well known to them as 'as dis'posed an' may be corpored at any minute, an' so."

Here Calton, unable to restrain his impetuosity any longer, shut the door, and they heard Mrs. Sampson's shrill voice, and subdued cracklings die away in the distance.

"Now then," he said, "now that we have got rid of that woman and her tongue, where are we to begin?"

"The desk," replied Madge, going over to it; "it's the most likely place."

The letter, however, was not to be found in the desk, nor was it in the sitting room; they tried the bedroom, but with no better result; so Madge was nearly giving up the search in despair, when suddenly Calton's eye fell on the waste paper basket, which, by some unaccountable reason, they had overlooked in their search. The basket was half full, and, on looking at it, a sudden thought struck the lawyer. He rang the bell, and suddenly Mrs. Sampson made her appearance.

"How long has that waste paper basket been standing like that?" he asked, pointing to it.

"It bein' the only fault I 'ad to find with 'im," said Mrs. Sampson, "'e bein' that untidy that 'e never let me clean it out until 'e told me piously. 'E said as 'ow 'e throwed things into it as 'e might 'ave to look up again; an' I 'aven't touched it for more nor six weeks, 'opin' you won't think me a bad housekeeper, it bein' 'is own wish—bein' fond of litter an' such like."

"Six weeks," repeated Calton, with a look at Madge. "Ah, and he got the letter four weeks ago. Depend upon it, we shall find it there."

Madge gave a cry, and, falling on her knees, emptied the basket out on the floor.

and both she and Calton were soon as busy among the fragments of paper as though they were magicians.

"Oh! they ain't off their heads," murmured Mrs. Sampson, as she went to the door, "but it looks like it, they bein'!"

Suddenly a cry broke from Madge, as she drew out of the mass of paper a half burnt letter, written on thick and creamy looking paper.

OT VILLA OORAK July 26th 1888  
My darling wife  
I am writing you this letter  
in a very secret place  
I hope you will  
find it safe  
I have not time  
to write you more  
but I will write you  
again soon  
I love you  
Your devoted husband  
Eustace Dalzell

She drew out a half burnt letter.

"At last," she cried, rising on her knees, and smoothing it out, "I knew he had not destroyed it!"

"Pretty nearly, however," said Calton, as his eyes glanced rapidly over it. "It's almost useless as it is, seeing there's no name to it."

He took it over to the window and spread it out upon the table. It was dirty, and half burnt, but still it was a clue. The above was a fac-simile of the letter.

"There's not much to be gained from that, I'm afraid," said Madge, sadly. "It shows he had an appointment—but where?"

Calton did not answer, but, leaning his head on his hands, stared hard at the paper. At last he jumped up with a cry—

"I have it," he said in an excited tone. "Look at that paper; see how creamy and white it is, and above all, look at the printing in the corner—OT VILLA, OORAK."

"Then he went down to Toorak?"

"In an hour, and back again—hardly."

"Then it was not written from Toorak?"

"No, it was written in one of the Melbourne back slums."

"How do you know?"

"Look at the girl who brought it," said Calton, quickly. "A disreputable woman, one far more likely to come from the back slums than Toorak. As to the paper, three months ago there was a robbery at Toorak, and this is some of the paper that was stolen by the thieves."

Madge said nothing, but her sparkling eyes and nervous trembling of the hands showed her excitement.

"I will see a detective this evening," said Calton, excitedly, "find out where this letter came from and go and see who wrote it. We'll save him yet," he said, placing the precious letter carefully in his pocketbook.

"You think that you will be able to find the woman who wrote that?"

"Hum," said the lawyer, looking thoughtful, "she may be dead, as the letter says she is in a dying condition. However, if I can find the woman who delivered the letter at the club, and who waited for Fitzgerald at the corner of Bourke and Russell streets, that will be sufficient. All I want to prove is that he was not in the hansom cab with Whyte."

"And do you think you can do that?"

"Depends upon this letter," said Calton, emphatically tapping his pocketbook with his finger. "I'll tell you in a moment."

Shortly afterwards they left the house, and when Calton put Madge safely into the St. Kilda train her heart felt lighter than it had done since Fitzgerald's arrest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Admiral Semmes and Ah Sin.

I remember an amusing anecdote, showing the business quickness of "Ah Sin," told me by the late Sir Whampoa, a rich Chinaman of Singapore, who was knighted by Queen Victoria for his services to the British navy. Singapore, it will be remembered, was a favorite stopping place for Admiral Semmes and the Alabama. Whampoa's business was that of a naval contractor, and he generally supplied Semmes with stores, and thus the two men got acquainted. Semmes was very quick at figures, and was proud of his gift in that line. Now the Chinese in all their calculations use a machine called an abacus, which resembles an old fashioned multiplication table on wires. It is a clumsy instrument to look at, but is wonderfully expeditious in the hands of an expert.

As the two men were reckoning up their accounts, Semmes exclaimed impatiently, "Whampoa, why do you persist in using that stupid abacus?" The Chinaman replied by laying a wager that Semmes could propose any mathematical problem he chose, each to work it out his own way, and that he (Whampoa) would get the right answer first.

"Done!" cried Semmes. The problem was given, and Semmes began to scribble and figure, while the old Chinaman's fingers rattled over his abacus. In an incredibly short time Whampoa stopped and declared the answer. Semmes looked up astonished, then, tearing up his paper, he exclaimed in tones of the deepest disgust, "Beaten, by—, and by a Chinaman!" Semmes was not the only smart "white man" that has had to admit the same fact.—Once a Week.

Egyptian Tobacco Condemned.

A great many English newspapers and a large number of their correspondents are earnestly condemning Egyptian tobacco and the doctored cigarettes made in Cairo and London therefrom. It is contended that a large number of cases of mouth diseases have resulted from the use of these cigarettes, and the discussion, which is becoming hot and interesting, will very likely result in serious action in the near future.—Chicago.

ST. JACOBS OIL  
TRADE MARK  
THE GREAT  
REMEDY FOR  
PAIN  
For Sciatica.  
NEW CURRENT TESTIMONY.

7 Years. Chicago, Ill., May 21, 1888.  
I was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of Sciatica, after suffering for several years. I tried several remedies without benefit. Used St. Jacobs Oil and was cured. GEORGE A. ROSE.

Doctors Failed. Worcester, Ill., May 21, '88.  
Suffered with Sciatica about three years ago. I tried several remedies without benefit. Used St. Jacobs Oil and was cured. ELLIS S. FETTER.

Bed-ridden. Beaver Dam, Wis., May 19, '88.  
Spring of 1887 was taken with Sciatica, and was bed-ridden. I tried several remedies without benefit. Used St. Jacobs Oil and was cured. JAMES W. WEAVER.

No Return. Peoria, Ill., May 21, 1888.  
I was taken with Rheumatism in the hip and leg, and was bed-ridden. I tried several remedies without benefit. Used St. Jacobs Oil and was cured. MRS. AMELIA YOUNG.

Samson's. Toledo, Ohio, June 10, 1888.  
Three or four years ago I was taken with Sciatica, and was bed-ridden. I tried several remedies without benefit. Used St. Jacobs Oil and was cured. WM. HARRIS.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

## THE DIAMONDS.

Uncle Meriwether never liked Eustace. He never did him justice from the beginning, and when he heard that I was actually engaged to him he spoke in such a way that I decided I would not endure it.

"I am old enough, I hope, to choose for myself," said I.

"I don't know about that, Patty," said my uncle, shrugging his shoulders.

But I remained to hear no more. I flounced back into the house, slamming the door in Uncle Meriwether's honest, spectacled face, and bursting into tears as soon as I reached the sitting room.

"It's a shame," said my sister Elsiebeth. "Don't cry, Patty. I'm sure the whole matter is transparent enough. Uncle Meriwether wouldn't be so domineering about it if he did not want you to marry Paul."

"I wouldn't marry Paul Meriwether if there wasn't another man in the world," said I, viciously. "And I'll marry Eustace Dalzell anyhow, now. Uncle Meriwether says we don't know anything about him, but I'm sure we know enough."

"That was a false assertion on my part. I only knew of my handsome fiancé what he himself had chosen to tell me—namely, that he was a New York engineer, staying down at Wrayfield, to seek work for his health. And his friend Mr. Belfield was stock broker. Oh, how I wished Mr. Belfield might take a fancy to Elsiebeth. It would be so nice to be married at the same time—to go together and live in New York!"

We lived together in the lonely old brick house on the edge of the moor, so that I was very glad when Olive Ostley came down from Blinchester to visit us and brought her wedding set of diamonds to show.

Elsiebeth and I looked with awe and admiration at the sparkling gems—necklace, earrings and brooch.

"Are they very valuable," I asked.

"Three thousand dollars, I believe," said Olive, complacently. "They belonged to Herbert's mother, and they are to be reset before I wear them."

But just then Elsiebeth gave a start and turned scarlet, and following the direction of her eyes I turned and beheld Eustace Dalzell standing smiling in the doorway, with his hat in his hand.

Somehow the diamonds made me nervous, and I could not help, in the course of the evening, confiding my vague fears to Eustace.

But Eustace laughed at me, and made light of my fears.

Eustace Dalzell went home earlier than usual that night. In my perturbation I had almost resolved to ask him to remain all night, a self-constituted guardian of our treasures, but I did not venture to do so, and so at 10 o'clock we three girls, with Dinah in the kitchen, were left to ourselves.

I had intended to lie awake all night, but I must have fallen into a light doze without being aware of it, for the clock was striking 12 when I started up at the loud peal of the door-bell below. Olive was at my side in an instant. Elsiebeth had her arm around me, and even Dinah hobbled in with a flaring lamp in her hand.

"Go to the door, do, some of you," cried I, hysterically. "Ask who it is. Ask what they want."

And while Olive, Elsiebeth, and the old attendant obeyed my behest I hurriedly threw on my white dressing gown and went to the head of the stairs to it. For I felt that in an emergency like this, some one ought to keep close to the diamonds.

"There is no one here," I heard Elsiebeth say, after the bolts and bars of the front door were withdrawn.

"Yes, there is. I hear some one groaning at the other end of the veranda," persisted Dinah. "Oh dear, the draught has blown out my candle. This way, Miss Ostley, please—I'm afraid there's been an accident or something."

The next minute the heavy oaken door blew shut with a bang. It was self-fastening on the inside. I was all alone in the house.

A rustle under the vines that draped the north side of the house—a low whistle, and I could hear a voice saying "be suppressed accents."

"They're safe enough outside, all three of 'em. Now's your time. Quick!"

It all flashed upon my mind in a second—the sturdy boughs of the Wistaria, which afforded so easy a ladder for an aspiring burglar to reach Oliver's window—the open casement—the diamonds lying underneath her pillow. My worst fears had come true, and seizing the six-barreled little pistol I rushed into the room just in time to see a tall figure with a mask over its face spring into the window and steal with cat like motion across the room.

At the same time I saw the tiny canvas bag containing the precious jewels I raised the pistol and fired. At the same moment a muttered oath, mingled with a cry, sounded in my ears and the sound of something falling shook the beams of the floor.

I am not one of the fainting kind, but for a minute or two I stood motionless. Then springing down stairs I admitted the three eager women who were huddled at the door.

"I've shot him! I've killed him," was all that I could say. "Run up stairs, Dinah, and see if he is dead."

But Dinah would not go alone, so we all hurried up in a crowd—and there, half sitting, half lying against the bed post, with the canvas bag fallen to the floor beside him, and a red pool of blood under his right shoulder blade was—Eustace Dalzell.

Of course we went for help to the nearest neighbors; of course we delivered my gallant lover, who was not fatally injured, over to the police, by whom he was recognized as an old jail-bird, luxuriating in a new name.

Started with Five Cents.

Rosa Wise, a young girl of Meridian, Miss., had 5 cents given to her as a job for a birthday present. She bought a yard of calico with it and made a sun-bonnet, which she sold for 40 cents. This she invested in more calico, made it up, sold the garments, and reinvested the capital until she had 10. With this she bought potatoes, planted them, paid for the cultivation of her crop, for gathering and carting to town, and made \$50 clear profit.

At This Time o' Year.

There had been a runaway. A pair of horses were down, a carriage smashed to pieces, and the driver and a lady lay groaning on the grass with their hurts. The street car stopped and many got off to render aid. Among those who stood on the rear platform were two young ladies, one of whom held up her hands in holy horror and exclaimed:

"Mercy on me! but what an awful, awful affair! How long did you say you boiled your grape jelly, Mrs. Smith?"

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There is still a surplus of \$132,000,000 in the United States Treasury. Let us watch and see what the Republicans will do with it.

Benj. Harrison of Indiana is elected President of the United States. The great principle of protection for protection's sake is for the time triumphant. We still believe, however, that the time is coming when tariff reform as advocated by the Democratic party in the campaign of 1888 will meet with the approval of the people of this nation.

## The Result.

The suspense is not so long as it was four years ago. The vote in New York settles the matter, and Cleveland and Thurman are defeated. It would be useless to pretend that it is a picnic for the Democracy; but we can say with perfect truth that the Democracy will accept the situation philosophically. They are not altogether unused to defeat, and know quite enough about it to feel that it is no excuse for discouragement or despondency. The principles for which they fought are as sound and true as ever, and defeat cannot weaken or change them.

There is more of consolation in the result than that which springs from the consciousness of a gallant fight for principle. There is the prouder consciousness that the principles fought for were victorious notwithstanding the defeat of our candidates. The miserable faction fight in New York, to which that defeat is directly traceable, had no connection with the issues upon which the contest was fought in the other states of the union. The traders in votes who made merchandise of the national Democratic strength in New York cared nothing for principle, for tariff reform or high protection, for aggrandizement or reduction of the surplus. They cared only for their petty personal schemes or the successes of local candidates in whom they were interested. For these they were ready to barter away the best hope the nation has had for years of relief from oppressive taxation; and they have furnished a fresh illustration of the fact that great results may be accomplished by insignificant means.

This most important fact imposes upon the successful party a plain and clearly defined responsibility. The country, by a small majority, achieved through a factional war in New York, has declared in its favor. At the same time, by an overwhelming vote, it has declared for tariff reform and for the reduction of tariff taxation. The successful party can, of course, ignore this latter fact; but if it is wise it will accept it and act upon it. In so doing it will not only be obeying the popular will, but it will be putting in practice the theories of its ablest leaders in the past.

But will the successful party be wise? That is a problem. Mr. Harrison, though not in any sense a great man, has the reputation of being a man of honest impulses. While he has been strongly committed during the campaign to the theories of the monopolists, he may have the strength to cut loose from them when he finds himself charged with responsibility for his party and its policy. The danger is that he will not be permitted to act with any independence. Unless the signs of the times have been utterly misleading, his nominal elevation to the presidency means the real ascendancy of Mr. James G. Blaine. If it does mean this, then he popular will in respect to tariff reform will be heeded no more than the idle wind; and the country will be given over to the selfish scheming and trickery which always characterized Mr. Blaine when in the role of statesman, and were especially prominent during his brief career in the State Department.

If the Democracy were governed only by narrow partisanship they could ask for nothing better than such a delivery of the country to the untender mercies of Blaine. Nothing could so certainly insure the speedy and permanent reversal of Tuesday's verdict. But not even the prospect of such a speedy reversal can make the Democracy look with complacency upon the reinstatement of Blaine at the helm. The role of a minority party is far better than success would be achieved at such cost.—Detroit Free Press.

## Set On.

Mr. De Masher (to pretty barmaid at refreshment counter)—Aw, miss, would you—give me—aw—one of those—aw—dog biscuits!

Pretty Barmaid (giving him oatmeal biscuit)—Here's the dog biscuit. Take it on the mat and eat it. (Collapse of De Masher.)—London Fun.

## THE PROPER VIEW.

Says from all around converge to any point; Study the point, then, ere you track the rays. The size of the circle's nothing; subdivide Earth, and earth's smallest grain of mustard seed. You count as many parts, small making large. If you can use the mind's eye; otherwise Material optics being gross at best. Prefer the large, and leave our minds the small. And pray, how many folks have minds can see?—Browning.

## A SHIP OVER NIAGARA.

I copy from a letter which was written by a former resident of Lancaster an account of a most remarkable occurrence at Niagara Falls sixty years ago, which the writer of the letter witnessed, and of which it is doubtful if many people of today ever heard. No history of Niagara Falls that I ever saw gives any account of it, although nothing that ever occurred at the great cataract has a more peculiar interest. The letter is especially interesting as giving an illustration of the manner in which people went on excursions in the days before railroads. It is doubtful if so many people have ever gathered at the falls at one time since the day described in this letter. Here is the extract:

"BUFFALO, Sept. 9, 1823.

"I was in hopes that I should have got back to this town from the Niagara falls last evening in time to have dropped you a line respecting the fate of the schooner Michigan, but owing to the delay in getting away, waiting for our passengers and some derangement of the machinery of the steamboat and a head wind, we did not arrive until 1 o'clock this morning. As the exhibition yesterday was of a novel character and has excited much more interest than any person could have anticipated when it was first mentioned, you will doubtless be anxious to learn the particulars, and to gratify your curiosity I will endeavor to give you the story as much in detail as possible.

"The schooner Michigan was the largest on Lake Erie, and too large, in fact, to enter the various harbors of the lake, and, being somewhat decayed in her upper works, the thought struck the owner, Maj. Frazer, formerly of New York, that the would answer the purpose of testing the fate of a vessel that by accident might approach too near the stupendous cataract of Niagara, and also of the fate of animals that might be caught in the rapids of these swift rolling waters and carried over the falls.

"The proprietors of the large public houses at the falls, on both sides of the river, and of stages and steamboats, made up a purse to purchase the schooner, aware that they would be repaid by the company which the exhibition would attract, and in the calculation, they were not deceived.

"For several days previous to the 8th, stages came crowded, as well as the canal boats, so much so that it was difficult to find a conveyance to the falls; and such was the interest that the descent was the only topic of conversation among all classes. On the night of the 7th wagons filled with country people rattled through this town all night, and on Saturday morning Buffalo itself seemed to be moving in a mass toward the point of attraction. To accommodate those who could not find a passage in carriages, five steamboats had advertised to leave here on Saturday morning. They were the Henry Clay, William Penn, Pioneer, Niagara and Chippewa, being all the steamboats on Lake Erie except the Superior. The Chippewa was appointed to tow down the pirate schooner (as she was termed), the Michigan, which service she performed. I took my passage on board this boat, and we got under way before the others, passed through the basin at Black Rock, and about a mile below the rock took in tow the vessel destined to make the dreadful plunge. As soon as we got under way the scene became interesting. The sun shone in full splendor, the waters of the Erie were placid, there being scarcely a ripple upon its surface, and a few miles east of us four steamers crowded with passengers, and with bands of music on board, were plowing their way down the rapids of Niagara. Our little boat towed the Michigan as far as Yale's Landing, a British shore within three miles of the falls, where she anchored, and at this place the Chippewa landed her passengers as well as the William Penn, and they were conveyed from there to the falls in vehicles of all descriptions. The three other steamers landed their passengers on the American side.

"Three o'clock was the hour appointed to weigh anchor on board the Michigan. The task of towing her from Yale's Landing to the rapids, and a most hazardous one it was, was intrusted to Capt. Rough, the oldest captain on the lake. With a yawl boat and five oarsmen, of stout hearts and strong arms, the old captain got the schooner under way, and towed her till within one-quarter of a mile of the first rapids, and within half a mile of the tremendous precipice, as near as they dared approach. Cutting her adrift, she passed majestically on, while the oarsmen of the yawl had to pull for their lives to make themselves safe. Indeed, such were the fears of the men, as I have understood, that on approaching near the rapids they cut the tow line before they had orders from their commander.

"And now we approach the interesting moments of the exhibition. The high grounds on both sides of the American and British shores were lined with people, having a full view of the rapids and of the approach of the vessel, and now it was that a thousand fears and expectations were indulged, as the Michigan, guided by human agency, approached, head on, the first rapid or descent, and apparently keeping the very course that the most skillful navigator would have pursued, having an American ensign flying from her bowsprit and the British jack displayed at her stern. She passed the first rapid unhurt, still head on, making a plunge, shipping a sea, and rising from it in beautiful style. In her descent over the second her masts went by the board, at the same moment affording those who have never witnessed a shipwreck a specimen of the spars of a ship at sea in a wreck. Expectation of her fate was now at the height; she swung around and presented her broad side to the dashing and foaming water, and after remaining stationary a moment or two, was, by its force, swung round, stern foremost, and, having passed the third rapid, she bilged, but carried her hull apparently whole between Grass Island and the British shore to the Horseshoe, over which she was carried stern foremost and launched into the abyss below. In her fall she was dashed to pieces. I went below the falls immediately after the descent, and the river presented a singular appearance from the thousands of floating fragments, there being scarcely to be seen any two boards nailed together, and many of her timbers were broken into twenty pieces. Such was the eagerness of the multitude present to procure a piece of her that before sunset a great part of her was carried away.

"I believe I have already informed you of the animals on board. They consisted of a buffalo from the Rocky mountains, two bears from Green Bay and Grand river, two foxes, a raccoon, a dog, a cat and four geese. The fate of these you will probably wish to learn. When the vessel was left to her fate they

were let loose on deck, except the buffalo, who was enclosed in a temporary pen. The two bears left the vessel shortly after she began to descend the rapids, and swam ashore, notwithstanding the rapidity of the current. On reaching the British shore they were taken. The buffalo was seen to pass over the falls, but was never seen afterward. Before the vessel reached the first rapids those who had glasses could see one of the bears climbing the mast, and the foxes, etc., were also running up and down; but nothing was seen of them after the schooner passed over. The only live animals of the crew that passed over the falls were two geese, they were taken up unhurt. Maj. Frazer obtained one, and an English gentleman purchased the other for \$2. Respecting the officers, the only one I saw below the falls was Gen. Jackson, apparently uninjured, throwing his arms about and knocking his legs together in the eddies, as though he was the only one of the crew that escaped unhurt.

"The calculations are various as to the number of persons assembled on both shores. Some estimate them as low as 15,000 and others at 80,000. The greatest body of people were on the American side. Goat Island for a considerable distance exhibited a dense column of persons, and the bridge erected from Goat Island, which is built a hundred feet over the rapids, was also crowded, and temporary booths, made with the boughs of trees, skirted both shores. As we passed down the Niagara we had a full view of the whole distance from Buffalo of the hundreds of vehicles of all descriptions passing towards the falls, and as the weather has been uncommonly hot and dry for a long time the roads presented uninterrupted columns of dust as far as the eye could extend. In fact, so much larger was the assemblage than was anticipated that, notwithstanding the proprietors of the public houses had laid in an unusual supply of refreshments, they had not provided sufficient for one-half the people, and thousands were unable to obtain a mouthful of anything. You may judge of the situation of matters when I assure you that I stopped at Forsyth's about 4 o'clock p. m., after climbing up his everlasting steps from the bottom of the falls, and was unable to obtain even a cracker or a glass of water; and this was the case at Brown's also. On the American side, I learn that everything eatable and drinkable was consumed before one-half the visitors had obtained anything.

"So well pleased are the people with this grand and novel aquatic exhibition that already they are talking about getting up something more splendid next year. In this the tavern keepers and stage proprietors will heartily join, as the present frolic has afforded them a fine harvest for some time."—New York Sun.

## A Guest's Ingenious Plan.

The story is told of a young Boston salesman, who, going to the mountains, found there a magnet so strong that he lost account of time, and at length was unable to reconcile the expenses of his prolonged stay with the sum total of funds at his disposal. Then again, were he obliged to leave his trunk behind as security for the balance due, he would arrive in the city with a wardrobe almost as depleted as was that of the famous Flora McFlimsey, and the small amount he would be able to set aside from his moderate weekly salary would be so long in liquidating his summer debt that his case

was a desperate one, especially as he was a great dresser. To get the trunk from the house without attracting attention, and consequently preventing an embarrassing scene, was an impossibility; to do without the contents of the trunk appeared equally impossible. He was perfectly honest in his intent to square his account at the earliest moment, but the dreaded interval that must elapse was too fearful to contemplate, with the prospect of his well selected wardrobe about a hundred miles away.

A bright idea entered his mind, affording apparently the only way out of the difficulty. He had been a frequent sender of souvenirs of the mountains to distant friends. He conceived the plan of sending some to his own Boston address. Gradually and stealthily he shipped by piecemeal the contents of his Saratoga, until the latter was very thoroughly denuded of its chief treasures. A vast went Bostonward by mail one day, a coat started in the same direction by express the next, and so it continued until the work was completed, the perfumed and gorgeous trunk reeling as a filling for the void that had been made a miscellaneous lot of vegetation and other stuff, which had to be smuggled into his room as stealthily as his clothes had been smuggled out. The work being completed the delicate task of interviewing the land-lord, acquainting the latter with the guest's financial embarrassment, and of propitiating him by leaving the trunk as security, was finally completed, and the trip made safely homeward; but the city holds at least one returned mountain visitor whose mind is anything but easy, and who is practicing the most rigid economy that he may cancel his indebtedness before a suspicious examination of the trunk may expose his plan of operations.—Boston Budget.

## Urging a Burial Reform.

There has lately been a good deal of complaint about the mode of burial in a Jewish cemetery on Long Island. The complaint is that in many cases no coffins are used. The body is brought to the grave in a box, which is opened beside the grave and the body taken out. The box is then taken apart and some of the boards put into the grave. The body is then placed on these, the other boards laid over it, and the grave filled up. This kind of burial is said to be "scandalous," and also highly objectionable in a sanitary sense, and quite a fuss is made about it in the neighborhood of the cemetery in question.

Very well. But at the very time the fuss is going on and getting into the papers, a meeting of churchmen is held in New York to urge a "burial reform" very closely resembling the condemned custom in the Jewish cemetery. Dr. Huntington, pastor of Grace church, presided at the meeting, and several other Episcopal clergymen were present. Their practice of inclosing the dead in tight coffin or caskets, and then inclosing these in strong boxes was declared to be bad in every way, as it arrests the quick decay which the great chemist, Nature, intends shall take place. One of the speakers, describing funeral customs, said that until the time of Charles II coffins were unknown. Bodies were laid on planks, with a turf at the head and foot, and the grave then closed over them. So there does not seem to be anything very shocking in the custom at that Jewish cemetery, after all. It is an old English custom, rather than a barbarous one peculiar to the poorer Polish Jews. And, instead of being bad in a sanitary way, the clergymen appear to think it much better than ours.

## Tippecanoe &amp; Morton Too!

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Has a Chestnut ring for a song so new,  
It's a variation of "Old Tippecanoe"  
That suits some, if it does not you.

During all the political excitement FRANK SMITH has felt so sure that the end of the world was not yet, that he has been getting ready for business. And he has "got there." His stock is larger and his PRICES SMALLER than ever before. You can save the trouble of shopping and get all the value there is in your money by going at once to FRANK SMITH'S EMPORIUM if you want Drugs, Patent Medicines, Books, Wall Paper, Stationery, Artist's Materials, Picture Frames, Pocket Books, Pocket Cutlery, Toys and Fancy Goods. The Emporium stock of Jewelry, Spectacles and Eye Glasses is most complete and prices on them especially low. Don't forget that the old firm of Santa Claus & Frank Smith is still in the Holiday business and the stock is beginning to pile up at the Emporium, and nothing will be lost, but much may be gained by an early call. Always glad to see you. So say, and feel

## Santa Claus &amp; Frank Smith.

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Buy us out before things get any worse.

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## NEIGHBORING NOTES.

## WILLIS.

Bert Darling is still rustivating in Kansas.

Harvey Day and J. B. Lord are sending milk to Detroit from Willis.

Russell and Willings have resumed bean buying at Willis.

Wanted, the whereabouts of the man who was lost in the squall of his first grandchild.

Miss Delora Phelps and her brother Delmor of Ypsil., called on their aunt, Mrs. S. P. Ballard, Sunday.

Strayed or stolen from the premises of J. M. Breinling, 16 turkeys. No clue to their whereabouts.

The lazy man's lamentation.—The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and my corn is not husked.

Before this goes to press the turmoil will be hushed and the government of politicians, by politicians, for politicians, will be presumably safe for the next four years.

A short time ago I was called upon by a committee of physicians and surgeons of Minneapolis, led by Dr. Hunter of that city, with a request that I would umpire a game of baseball to be played on the ensuing day between the Allopaths and Homoeopaths of Minneapolis for the championship of the northwest, the proceeds to go to the Homoeopathic hospital.

I told Dr. Hunter that an all wise providence had not seen fit to endow me with a great deal of baseball wisdom, but that I was passionately fond of the game, recognizing, as I did, that it denoted a wonderful degree of progress and a gradual leading up from bean bag and two-old-cat towards the earnestness, the throbs and thrills and such things as that of the true athlete.

Dr. Hunter said I had the right idea of the game, he thought, and he would get Mr. Conklin, of the Grand Opera house, to do the active part of the umpiring, leaving me mostly to sit under the shade of a large sun umbrella, outside the orbit of hot balls and engaged in thought. He said that a great many people had noticed in me the faculty of being able to assume a thoughtful air while really engaged in something else. He said people liked that in anybody, and especially in an umpire.

At 2:30 the rival clubs arrived in separate ambulances and chose up for "ins." The Allopaths got the bat.

Each club had a separate pall out of which they drank when in need of anything in that line. The Homoeopaths took theirs at a third dilution every twenty minutes out of a "graduate," and the Allopaths drank out of a large tin dipper until relieved.

I presume the different players would not care to have me use their names here and so I will substitute fictitious names.

The Allopaths wore a uniform consisting of different kinds of clothes, but very becoming indeed. A few baseball uniforms scattered through the two clubs gave life and piety to the game and made it more difficult for the umpire to tell which side was in.

Dr. Gray wore a blue flannel, sailor's suit, with inflated revers of same.

Dr. Pendegast wore a low neck and short sleeve knit lingerie, with checkered pantaloons and a wad of tulle at the throat. He wore a tarpaulin hat and no ornaments.

Dr. Blecker wore a pair of all wool trousers, with wedge of shrimp pink satin set in the back between his suspender buttons; white, open back shirt, pin stripe suspenders and Alpine hat.

Dr. Enderbry wore a street costume, with firman's hat and a wad of tulle at the throat.

Dr. Pangborn wore a Prince Albert coat, knickerbockers and fore and aft steamer hat of small blue and white plaid, with squirrel skin ear tabs tied regally over the top. He wore no ornaments at the beginning of the game, but at the third inning appeared in a stellular, comminuted contusion just east of the parotid gland.

Dr. Pemberton wore a tennis suit with silk hat and crocheted slippers. He made a very fine appearance on the beautiful green ball ground, but generally perished before he reached second.

In batting Dr. Pemberton almost always struck at the ball after the catcher had it in his pocket, and he always erred in diagnosing the general direction of the ball, and his treatment of it was visionary and theoretical in the extreme. I had to reprimand him three times for these things publicly.

The game was called at 3 o'clock, and with two large shingles to keep tally on, I told the boys to call in.

Dr. Mills, of the Allopaths, went first to bat. He was dressed simply in a suit of blue flannel, with richly beaded moccasins and high crowned stiff black shiny straw hat. He spat on both hands, then caught up a quart of sand, which he applied to the handle of the bat, breathed in all the air between himself and the center fielder, asked for an abdominal ball, and got so near what he requested that it was some time before I could signal Mr. Conklin to go on with the game. He was given his base on balls, I believe, and made a home run in the ambulance. When he got in he tallied and took a blamuth powder that would have settled the stomach of a whole livery stable.

Dr. Dixon then came to the bat. He was dressed in a morning costume of brown chevrot with maroon faille francaise sleeve linings which had crooked his linen in places, but did not hurt the general effect. He wore no ornaments aside from a society emblem of solid gold attached to his watch chain which weighed two or three pounds. He asked for a clavicle ball, which he missed by a right smart. The pitcher prescribed another cap solo for him, which he struck at just a few moments before it got to him, and with such force as to whirl him around on the home plate with great violence. As soon as he had recovered from his giddiness and vertigo I called him again, and this time he awaited the ball so high that it was a glorious chance for the center fielder to get under it, as it was a long time in the air and came down as straight as a shot, but the center fielder was just sitting a new stopper to his stethoscope, which he had lost out on his way to the grounds, and so muffed it, as we would say.

The general error made by physicians in playing this game I find, in both schools, is not so much a lack of proper knowledge of its history, physiology, pathology, microscopical, chemistry, pathology, physiological medicine, pharmacy or therapeutics, for all schools seem to treat a hot ball in about the same manner, favoring in most cases a conservative course until the temperature of the ball is reduced, but the common error seems to be the same as that made in the Garfield case, viz., an incorrect diagnosis as to the course and location of the ball.

Space at this time will not permit an extended description of the game as played, but a hasty recapitulation shows that the Allopaths were more in favor of outward application, and that they are further advanced, perhaps, in the various methods of probing for the ball, while the Homoeopaths are less liable to overplay the ball.

## MARRIED FOR LOVE

It was audacious that a poor bookkeeper like Charles Hemmenway should aspire to the hand of old Walters' daughter, but that he should continue his attentions even after his firm had failed and he was out of employment seemed most reprehensible. Emily's father forbade him the house. Her parents were very anxious that she should marry John Warton, a man of money, but so far the young lady had indignantly refused to do so.

The time came at last for the lovers to separate, and Emily told Charles of John Warton's proposal and vowed that she would never become his wife.

"You feel this way to night, dear Emily, but sooner or later your family will prevail. It is only a question of time. Sooner or later you will become his wife though he is 20 years your senior."

"How can you suggest such a possibility?" she said warmly. "I know it is at this moment disgusting, and you may experience astonishment at these words, dear Emily, but you will not forget them. I predict it, though it burns my heart to give this thought an utterance. I will be true to you under all circumstances! And now, farewell until we may meet under more promising auspices."

He kissed her, embraced her, and left her amid tears. And within five days young Hemmenway took passage in a brig bound for the West Indies. After a delay of four months he found a situation in a shipping house, where he succeeded very handsomely in business for a time. He then went to Valparaiso, where he was still more fortunate, and where he remained some years.

The above events occurred in 1856 and '57. No communication passed between the parties for a long period. Emily reached her 32d birthday, and finally made John "eternally happy," so he declared, by becoming Mrs. Warton.

Charles Hemmenway's prophecy was thus fulfilled. Emily had never heard one word from her former ardent lover from the night he left New York.

And so seven years passed. Emily had been a wedded wife five years, and was the mother of two lovely children. John Warton died and left Emily heir to his handsome property.

The blooming widow went to reside upon a quiet estate situated on the Hudson river.

One morning in the early summer of 1864 Mrs. Emily Warton was returning from a visit to her children, who were at school in New York. She sat alone in a seat in one of the cars, upon at which ran from New York City up the banks of the Hudson river.

A gentleman, apparently 32 or 33 years of age, though somewhat older in fact, entered the car and took the unoccupied seat beside her. The gentleman was a stranger, and he did not observe her troubled countenance for a moment. Mrs. Warton thought she recognized him, however, and she threw aside her veil to see what might be the effect. As she turned toward him he started, peered into her face, put out his hand, and earnestly exclaimed: "Emily, is it you?"

"Charles Hemmenway," responded the fair widow, "is it possible you have returned?"

And the two old friends were quickly in pleasant converse.

Charles was still a bachelor, and he felt as strongly devoted to his "dear Emily" as when, in the old, bright days, they lived only in and for each other.

We will not enlarge upon the details of the succeeding interview between the now supremely happy lovers. Each was now master and mistress of their own fortunes. And three months elapsed only from this happy meeting when Emily Warton became Mrs. Charles Hemmenway, and to-day they are living in the midst of plenty and happiness, upon their elegant estate on the banks of the Hudson river.

## ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!

How much the flesh may suffer, and not die! I question much if any pain or ache.

Of soul or body brings our end more nigh. Death chooses his own time: till that is worn, All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife. Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel. Whose edge seems searching for the quivering ligament.

Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal That still, although the trembling flesh be torn, This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way. A cry to die from the approaching ill. We seek some small escape—we weep and pray.

But when the blow falls, then our hearts Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn, But think it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life. We hold it closer, dearer than our own: Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife. Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone.

But ah! we do not die with those we mourn: This, also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things, famine, thirst, Persecution, pain, all grief and misery. All woe and sorrow: life inflicts its worst. On soul and body, but we can not die. Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn.

Lo! all things can be borne.

The Coming Hotel. Persons—Landlord and steward. "Have you tied up the butter?" "It is done, sir."

"And chained down the cheese?" "Yes, sir."

"Are the imitation tomatoes on?" "They are, sir."

"Where is the wax fruit?" "On the sideboard."

"Then you can lead the chicken through the soup wave the ham bone over the china eggs and serve up the porcelain steak."

An Object Lesson. Dean Burgen on a certain occasion not long ago, was expatiating on the nature of man. He pointed out that great distinction between human beings and the lower animals consisted in the capacity for progress. "Man," exclaimed the dean warming to his theme, "is a progressive being; other creatures are stationary. Think, for example, of the ass! Always and every where it is the same creature, and you never saw a more perfect ass than you see at the present moment."

The Heaviest Man in the World. Hanson Craig of Kentucky is probably the heaviest man in the world. His weight is given at 792 pounds, and it requires thirty seven yards of cloth to make him a suit. He is six feet four and a half inches, is 81 years old, and weighed eleven pounds at birth. When 2 years old he took a \$1,000 prize at the baby show in New York, tipping the beam at 206 pounds at that time. His father weighed 115 pounds and his mother 122.

## STEALING A KING

"I have not been saving all these years for nothing," said Robert Lincoln, as he walked along the cliffs with his friend. In another week I shall be Janie Head's husband. Don't you congratulate me?"

"I wish you luck, certainly," returned Henry Graham. "I don't know any girl in town that I would rather marry than Janie—that is, were I a marrying man."

In a few moments the friends parted, Robert walking in the direction of the lighthouse, where he was to relieve the keeper for the night, and Henry returning to the village.

There were sad hearts in the village the next day when it was noised about that young Lincoln had fallen from the cliff in the dark. He had starved for the lighthouse and had not been heard of since.

But Robert was not dead. In falling he had been caught upon a projecting ledge, where he was found by some good fishing people and cared for.

On the porch of a vine-covered cottage was seated a beautiful maiden. Her fair face, rosy with the health which an active country life brings to the cheek of youth, was bowed in her hands, while through her fingers the tears were stealing.

"It was Janie, weeping for him she should never see again."

Suddenly steps approached, and Janie sprang to her feet with a scream.

Who was this who stood before her so pale and thin?

"Janie, darling Janie! do not be frightened. It is I—your Robert."

Janie did not believe in apparitions, and in another moment she was clasped close in her lover's embrace.

But after the first transports of her joy was over, she suddenly seemed to remember something which called a grave cloud to her brow. Withdrawing herself from her lover's arms, she hid her face in her hands.

"Janie, what is it?" Robert exclaimed. "Why do you look so sad?"

Then amid tears and sobs the girl told him that she had been forced by her father to give her consent to marry one he had chosen for her.

Robert's face grew as black as night. "Who is it?" he exclaimed.

"It is Henry Graham," answered Janie, still sobbing. "He came to father and told him that he had lately been left a large sum of money, and that he could give me a good home. Father was delighted—you know how much he thinks of money—and made me consent. I was so stupid, thinking you dead and gone, that I did not make much resistance. And, oh! it is too late to draw back, for the wedding day is set."

As she spoke, Robert's eyes rested upon a ring which was upon her betrothal finger. It was a turquoise, in the shape of a heart and set in a small hoop of gold.

A sudden, strange expression flashed into his eyes.

"Did Henry Graham give you that ring, Janie?" he asked.

As she assented, Robert suddenly clasped her to him.

"Janie, Janie!" he cried, "courage, lassie! We'll be happy yet! A light has broken in upon me. Wait till to-morrow and see if your father still wishes you to marry Henry Graham."

The ring which Janie wore upon her finger Robert at once recognized as one which with other articles of jewelry that had belonged to his dead mother had been in the box which contained his money, and of whose hiding place but one person knew, and that person was Henry Graham!

Like lightning he had guessed the truth. As he had expected, he found his money gone.

Some hours later, with a pale, frightened face (for villains are always cowards), Henry Graham stood by while a constable searched his things and brought to light convincing proofs of his guilt in the shape of the rest of the jewelry, which when he had taken the money he had appropriated also.

When he saw that all was discovered Henry made a full confession. "He had always secretly loved Janie Head, and all the time he had been willing himself into Robert's friendship his heart had been filled with envy toward him. Thus, when fate had a cruel to put the opportunity into his power he had not been able to resist the temptation of securing the prize he had long coveted. He had known of Mr. Head's love of money, and had calculated rightly on its power in turning him to his wishes. But his evil deeds had found him out; and though, through Robert's refusal to appear against his friend, Henry escaped the imprisonment he deserved, he was punished enough through his guilty conscience, and in witnessing the happiness of a lover whose lives he had so nearly been the means of marrying forever."

A few months later the little village presented a gala appearance.

It was the wedding day of the two young people, who were beloved by all, and whose romantic story interested old and young.



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| SHEEP fatted | 3     | 0 3 4   |
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# The Sovereign's Fiat.

American Voters Declare Their Will at the Polls.

## HARRISON THE SUCCESSFUL MAN.

New York and Indiana Both Apparently Sure for the Statesman from the Hoosier State.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8.—The Times says: "Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, has been elected president of the United States, but while the doubt is past the final figures are not yet determinable. California and West Virginia may not yet be placed with certainty, but Harrison safely has 25 electoral votes where 201 would be enough, and the public can patiently await the final outcome of now doubtful, but no longer important districts. The apparent state of the electoral vote this morning is as follows:

| FOR HARRISON.       | FOR CLEVELAND. |
|---------------------|----------------|
| Alabama.....        | 10             |
| Arkansas.....       | 7              |
| California.....     | 5              |
| Colorado.....       | 3              |
| Connecticut.....    | 7              |
| Delaware.....       | 3              |
| Florida.....        | 9              |
| Georgia.....        | 12             |
| Idaho.....          | 3              |
| Illinois.....       | 12             |
| Indiana.....        | 11             |
| Iowa.....           | 12             |
| Kansas.....         | 6              |
| Kentucky.....       | 12             |
| Louisiana.....      | 12             |
| Maine.....          | 7              |
| Massachusetts.....  | 12             |
| Michigan.....       | 12             |
| Minnesota.....      | 12             |
| Mississippi.....    | 9              |
| Missouri.....       | 12             |
| Montana.....        | 3              |
| Nebraska.....       | 7              |
| Nevada.....         | 3              |
| New Hampshire.....  | 7              |
| New Jersey.....     | 12             |
| New Mexico.....     | 3              |
| New York.....       | 36             |
| North Carolina..... | 12             |
| Ohio.....           | 21             |
| Oregon.....         | 3              |
| Rhode Island.....   | 4              |
| South Carolina..... | 7              |
| Tennessee.....      | 12             |
| Texas.....          | 12             |
| Vermont.....        | 3              |
| Virginia.....       | 12             |
| Washington.....     | 3              |
| West Virginia.....  | 5              |
| Wisconsin.....      | 12             |
| Wyoming.....        | 3              |
| Total.....          | 255            |

The Times also foote up the popular majorities—estimated—and gives the whole as follows: Harrison, 428,350; Cleveland, 442,850.

## CHAIRMAN QUAY'S STATEMENT.

New York and Indiana Both Claimed—The Empire State Vote.

New York, Nov. 8.—Chairman Quay, of the Republican national committee, authorizes the following statement:

The Republicans on Tuesday carried by increased majorities all the states that were carried for Mr. Blaine in 1884, and in addition have New York by a plurality of 15,000, and Indiana by a majority of from 4,000 to 8,000. West Virginia is in doubt. Gen. Harrison's election is assured.

The unofficial vote of all the counties in the state as far as returned show pluralities for Cleveland of 78,900, and for Harrison of 90,147, giving Harrison a plurality in the state of 11,247.

Another estimate of the result in the state is as follows: Up to 11:30 last night complete returns had only been received from 37 of the 60 counties in New York state, exclusive of New York and Kings. These counties give Harrison a net plurality of 59,700, and show a Republican gain of 18,047 over Blaine's vote in 1884. The counties yet to hear from, among them Albany, gave Blaine in 1884 a plurality of 18,280. Should Gen. Harrison do no more than maintain the vote of 1884 his plurality outside of New York and Kings will be 76,550.

According to the returns now given in Kings county Cleveland has a plurality of 13,037, and New York county has given him 57,255. Thus it will be seen that the Republicans come to Harlem bridge with 76,350 (allowing no gains for Harrison in counties not yet reported). Kings and New York counties, according to the present returns, give Cleveland 69,292, showing a plurality in New York state for Harrison of 7,058.

Kings county, revised vote: Cleveland, 82,090; Harrison, 70,029; Plur., 902; Cleveland's plurality, 12,061. Hills, 82,161; Miller, 78,548; Jones, 1,227; Hills' plurality, 13,563. The rumor of an error of 10,000 in the footings was a canard.

## THE VOTE IN ILLINOIS.

Fifer Elected by About 4,000—Harrison's Plurality—The Legislature.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Nov. 8.—Governor Palmer's friends here concede his defeat by a plurality for Fifer of less than 4,000 votes. Gen. Palmer himself no longer claims to be elected, but insists that the result is still in doubt.

Returns indicate that the Republicans will have 15 majority in the house and 18 in the senate.

BELEVILLE, Ill., Nov. 8.—The Congressional race between Jelu Baker, Rep., and Farman, Dem., in the Eighteenth Illinois district is so close that nothing but the official count can decide it. The Republicans claim the election of Baker by 200 votes, and the Democrats are equally confident that Farman has won by 150 votes.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8.—A compilation of the vote cast in this city Tuesday for president shows that Cleveland received 62,937 votes; Harrison, 69,018; Plur., 1,372; Streeter, 553; Cowdry, 173, and Balva Lockwood, 3.

The vote of 84 counties in Illinois, including Cook, shows majorities for Harrison of 38,948, and for Cleveland of 19,173. The remaining 18 counties in 1884 gave Blaine 5,684, and Cleveland 6,542. Assuming that these 18 counties, not yet fully reported, give the same result as in 1884, the state will give a plurality for Harrison of 18,912. It is safe to say, therefore, that Harrison's plurality will be about 10,000.

## THE SUNSET STATE.

San Francisco Democratic and the Victory Claimed by Both Parties.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 8.—Returns come in slowly, and there are no complete figures yet on cities and counties. Both sides claim the state. This city gives the Democratic city, state and national tickets a majority estimated by the Democrats at 8,000, and by the Republicans at 5,001. The question is whether the Republican plurality outside the city can overcome this.

dicato that Cleveland will have a plurality of 30,000 in the state, and that Francis, Dem., for governor, will have a plurality of 14,000. These returns embrace the vote of St. Louis, Kansas City, and all other large cities in the state.

## THE CLOSE VOTE IN CONNECTICUT.

Only 334 Democratic Plurality—Two Congressmen Gained.

HARTFORD, Conn., Nov. 8.—This state gives Cleveland a plurality of nearly 400, elects two Republican and two Democratic congressmen, and a Republican legislature, which will name the state officers, as the Democratic nominee, although having a plurality over the Republicans, fall of a majority of the whole vote.

Complete returns give Cleveland 74,004; Harrison, 74,519; Plur., 4,181. Cleveland's plurality, 385.

For Governor, Morris, Dem., 74,944; Bulkeley, Rep., 74,426; Camp, Prohibition, 4,130. The legislature is Republican on joint ballot by 49.

LATER.—Every town in the Fourth congressional district is now heard from and the figures elect Miles, Republican, by eight returns a vote of 41,994. Previous returns gave the district to Baymont, the present member. If Miles is elected there will be a gain of two Republican congressmen from Connecticut instead of one. Those elected, according to The Courant's figures are Simonds, Russell, Miles, Republicans; Wilcox, Democrat. From The Courant's returns Cleveland's plurality is only 334. A change of 163 votes would have given the state to Harrison.

## JEWETT CONCEDES INDIANA.

Democrats Get the Legislature and Gain Three Congressmen.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 8.—The Journal has returns from 80 counties, showing net Republican gain of 7,025, and 3,500 Republican majority on national and state tickets. Democrats gain congressmen in the First, Eleventh and Twelfth districts, and elect majority in both branches of the legislature. Last night the chairman of the Democratic state committee conceded the state to the Republicans by about 2,000.

## New Hampshire.

CONCORD, N. H., Nov. 8.—The state (twenty-four towns and wards missing) gives Harrison 43,160; Cleveland, 40,421; Plur., 1,532. Goodell, Rep., for governor, 42,198; Amaden, Dem., 41,040; Carr, Prohibition, 1,524. Goodell's plurality will be about 170, leaving no choice, as a majority is required. The legislature will doubtless elect Goodell, as it is Republican. The vote is the largest every ever cast in the state. Nuts, Rep., is elected to congress in the First district by about 500, and Moore, Rep., in the Second by about \$1,000—a gain of one congressman for the Republicans.

## Democratic Gains in Virginia.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Nov. 8.—Full returns from the Sixth congressional district give Cleveland 4,000 majority, a gain over 1884 of nearly 400. Edmunds, Democrat, for congress runs close to Cleveland. Hopkins, present representative, receives about 100 votes in the district as independent candidate for re-election. Reports from the Ninth district give Buchanan, Democrat, a majority of about 500. Tucker, Democrat, carries the Tenth district by 800. All of these are Democratic gains.

## Ohio.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 8.—The total vote of Hamilton county on the presidential ticket was: Harrison, 41,741; Cleveland, 39,215. The entire Republican ticket was elected except Cox, candidate for county clerk, who has defeated by 2,480 votes. The Republicans claim the state by 25,000, and the Democrats concede 10,000.

## Colorado.

DENVER, Col., Nov. 8.—Returns are slow. Partial returns received up to last evening indicate a good majority for Harrison. The assembly will probably stand. Senate—19 Republicans, 6 Democrats; house—39 Republicans, 6 Democrats. Returns from 23 out of 38 counties give Cleveland 5,044, Harrison 7,604.

## Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Nov. 8.—The state (two towns missing) gives Harrison 183,447; Cleveland, 151,994; Plur., 8,641. Same in 1884 gave Blaine 144,813; Cleveland, 122,294; Butler, 24,875; St. John, 9,910.

For governor—Ames, 180,439; Russell, 52,846; Earle, 9,170. Republican plurality, 27,593.

## The Michigan Delegation.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 8.—The Republican elect all but three congressmen in this state, a gain of two—in the Fifth and Sixth districts Belknap and Brewer, Rep., being elected. One other district, the Tenth, is claimed by both parties. The Prohibition vote is not half what it was four years ago.

## Oregon and Washington.

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 8.—Returns come in slowly, but sufficient are received to show that Harrison's majority in the state is over 7,500.

Allen, Dem., is elected as delegate to congress from Washington territory by about 2,500 majority over Voorhees.

## Maine.

LEWISTON, Me., Nov. 7.—The Evening Journal has returns from 800 towns which foot up Harrison 60,305, Cleveland 39,639, Plur., 1,669, Streeter 930. The same towns voted in September: Burleigh 63,004, Putnam 47,336, Cushing 2,376, Simmons 1,290.

## West Virginia in Doubt.

WHEELING, W. Va., Nov. 8.—Fourteen out of twenty-four districts, casting one-third of the vote of the state, show Republican gains of 1,463. If corresponding gains are made in the rest of the state it will give 600 Republican majority.

## Weaver Defeated in Iowa.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Nov. 8.—Harrison's plurality in Iowa will probably exceed 30,000. Weaver in the Sixth district and Anderson in the Eighth are beaten, giving the Republicans every congressman in the state but one.

## Delaware.

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 7.—The city of Wilmington complete gives Cleveland 4,897; Harrison, 8,244; Cleveland's majority, 1,693. The state is Democratic for president, but the legislature is probably Republican.

## New Jersey.

TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 8.—The Democrats have the state by about 5,000. They also carry the legislature for the first time in ten years. It is very close, but probably gives them a United States senator.

## Minnesota Reporting Slowly.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 8.—There is nothing new to report from Minnesota. Merriam's majority for governor is about 7,000. Four Republican congressmen have been elected.

## Keystone State Returns.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 8.—Pennsylvania elects 21 Republican congressmen out of 27, and gives Harrison about 60,000 plurality.

## THE RESULT ON CONGRESS.

Indications That It Will Be Close—Claims on Both Sides.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—The Press claims that the Republicans will have a majority of 14 in the next house of representatives and that the senate will be a tie, Vice President Morton having the casting vote. It says Riddleberger's successor, Barlow, is a Democrat, which makes the senate stand 38 to 36, because New Jersey will elect a Democrat in place of McPherson. The Republicans may secure the legislature in West Virginia. If so they will have one majority in the senate, but if Kanna's successor is a Democrat the senate will be a tie.

The World says the Democrats will have a majority of 7 in the house, and may lose one senator from Delaware.

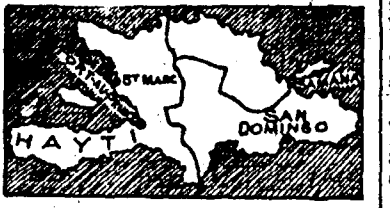
The Sun says it may take the official count in several doubtful districts to determine the political complexion of the house in the Fifty-first congress. The Republicans make a surprising sweep of the city of St. Louis and carried, apparently, three close districts in Michigan now represented by Democrats and have captured the districts of Weaver and Anderson, Democrats, in Iowa. John Baker, Republican, is beaten in Morrison's district. The Republicans have carried the Cleveland district in Ohio and two Minnesota districts now represented by Democrats. One Republican congressman has been gained in Tennessee. The Democrats have gained four or five districts in Virginia.

There are enough doubtful districts yet unreported in various states to turn the majority five or six either way. The New York delegation is unchanged. The Republicans elected Stivers over Bacon in the Orange district, and the Democrats Wiley over Crowley in the Niagara district.

## MAY TRY HER NEW GUNS.

The Boston Authorized to Deal Energetically with Hayti.

WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 8.—The seizure of the American ship Haytian Republic by the authorities at Port-au-Prince, Hayti, as a blockade runner, has given rise to considerable talk in official circles. The alleged reason for this seizure was stated that the



MAP OF THE ISLAND OF HAYTI.

ship contained arms and ammunition for the revolutionists, and the capture of a British ship a few days later for the same reason proved the Haytian government had established a blockade against all nations. The acting secretary of state said that the action of the Haytian government was all wrong, as it would soon find out. When a government contemplated such a step the proper thing to do is to have the blockade first effected and established and then to notify the maritime nations of the world that its ports are blockaded. This the Haytian government did not do. The steel cruiser Boston has been sent to Port-au-Prince, and whatever American vessels are detained will be at once set free, or there will be more than diplomatic work by Capt. Ramsey.

## IOWA JOBBERS REJOICE.

Iowa Railway Commissioners Reaffirm Their Schedule of June 28.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Nov. 8.—The most important decision ever made by the Iowa railroad commissioners was filed Saturday morning in the case of the complaints of Davenport, Dubuque and Burlington jobbers. The commissioners reaffirm their schedule of June 23 in the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth classes, and A, B, C, D, and classes, with the addition of the lumber rates in the Burlington case. The western classification being adopted in lieu of the Illinois classification.

The decision is signed by Commissioners Smith and Campbell, Commissioner Day refusing to sign on the ground that Mr. Fred Wilde, of Davenport, secretary of the Twin Cities Freight association, in a letter dated Oct. 31, threatened him with the opposition of the jobbers unless he signed the decision by Friday, Nov. 2. "In this situation," says Day, in a note to the press, "I am compelled by my feeling of self-respect to decline until after the election to give any expression of my views upon the subject."

The decision causes great rejoicing among the jobbers and manufacturers here, as it puts the commissioners' schedule in force despite the Brewer and Fairall injunctions.

## Children Burn Up \$900.

CHICAGO, Nov. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. Gobe, of 1037 West Twenty-second street, met with hard luck Saturday afternoon when, by accident, they lost the savings of years, amounting in all to \$900. Mr. Gobe is employed in the mailable iron works, and when he went home from work Saturday he found his wife in great distress. She had placed their savings, which were in paper money, in an old stocking and hidden them under the bed. It was discovered by the children, who, after playing with the bills for some time, threw them in the stove. The money was almost entirely consumed before the accident was discovered.

## A 16-Year Old Counterfeiter.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8.—Capt. Porter and the secret service officers are engaged in a hunt for a 16-year-old counterfeiter who has thus far been successful in passing a number of poorly executed \$5 bills. Wednesday evening the lad jumped on several State street cable cars, in each instance paying his fare with one of the bills. When he received the \$4.95 in change he jumped off. The letter "4" in the line "payable to the bearer" was not crossed, and the letter "r" in "bearer" fell somewhat below the line. The bills had vignettes of Gen. Grant, which were coarsely executed.

## Two Victims of Strong Drink.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8.—Mr. and Mrs. Burghall lived at 420 Austin avenue, this city. They were both hard drinkers, and yesterday morning Mrs. Burghall, who had served several times in the breadwell for drunkenness, died of chronic alcoholism. At nightfall the husband, William Burghall, followed in a fit of apoplexy, which seized him when the news of the other's death was received. They leave two children, girls 13 and 7, and a son who is a young man.

## Won 500 Sovereigns.

LONDON, Nov. 8.—At the Liverpool autumn meeting Tuesday, the horse for the Knolly Nursery stakes of 500 sovereigns, was won by Capt. Jones' bay colt, Theophilus. Mr. Mackenzie's bay filly, The Kelpie, was second, and Lila third. There were twelve starters.

## Mrs. Brown Gives Bail.

MASON CITY, Iowa, Nov. 6.—Mrs. Sarah E. Brown, indicted by the grand jury of Cerro Gordo county for committing a double murder, gave bail Monday in the sum of \$100, Judge George Vermilya, her uncle, being one of the bondsmen.

# Blown from the Mine.

Dreadful Effect of a Gas-Pocket Explosion.

## NINETEEN MANGLED VICTIMS FOUND.

Sixteen of Them Dead and Horribly Mutilated—Only One Out of Twenty Escaped—Three Blown an Almost Incredible Distance—A Girl's School in Flames—Narrow Escape of the Paolo-Stricken Inmates—Twenty-Two Lives Lost at San—Miscellaneous Mishaps.

RENOVA, Pa., Nov. 8.—Sixteen dead and horribly mangled bodies are lying on hastily constructed tables in a small blacksmith shop at Cook's Run, ten miles above here, the result of the most disastrous accident that has ever occurred in this part of Pennsylvania. The Cook's Run mines employ about 100 men, but for some reason only twenty were at work on Saturday afternoon, when an explosion occurred, which resulted in the instant death of sixteen miners and the probable fatally injuring of three others.

The explosion took place in one of the many gas pockets of the mines about 250 feet from the opening. One miner, who was working some distance away, was blown through the air shaft and his body was found about 9 o'clock yesterday morning when it was discovered in a brush pile. Two others were buried out at the mouth of the mine, and their lifeless bodies were found 170 feet from where they had been employed.

Superintendent George Miller states that the explosion has a parallel only in the Pocahontas mine disaster, and that the cause of it will, perhaps, never be learned. Hundreds of people from the neighborhood visited the scene of the disaster yesterday. Fragments of clothing worn by the victims of the disaster are scattered among the limbs of the surrounding trees, some of them fifty feet above the ground. Five of the killed are Swedes, six Italians, two Irish and three Hungarians.

The following are the names of the killed: John Carlson, aged 25; Charles Alman; John Anderson, aged 20; Martin Pierson, aged 30; Aaron Carlson, aged 33; John Beckus, aged 23; Stephen Beckus, aged 23; Michael Marver, aged 22; Sylvester Marver, aged 20; Don Cline, aged 40; George Melvin, aged 32; Maurice Anka, aged 27, and two unknown—all unmarried; Michael Curran, aged 37, wife and eight children; Patrick Donley, aged 55, wife and seven children.

## PANIC IN A SEMINARY.

A Girls' School Burned and Its Occupants Badly Frightened.

GODFREY, Ill., Nov. 8.—The Monticello seminary for Young Ladies was burned at 1 o'clock yesterday morning. There were 125 girls, a staff of teachers and a dozen female servants in the building when the fire broke out, all of whom narrowly escaped death. Between 12 and 1 o'clock the girls on the fifth floor were awakened by a suffocating smoke, and on opening their windows saw a red glare below them in the main building. The halls were filled with smoke, but the older students and the teachers braved the danger resolutely, and staggered through the upper floors, arousing the girls and ordering them to run for the rear stairway. The girls leaped out of bed in their nightclothes, and without trying to save even their wearing apparel fled screaming through the halls and down the stairways. Many of them showed signs of panic, but the majority were in a frenzy bordering on insanity. The teachers proved equal to the crisis and bravely stood their ground until every student was rescued. Two servants, who could not be controlled, jumped from windows and were badly injured. They were carried to the nearest residence and given the best of medical attention.

The building was five stories high, built of gray stone overruled with ivy and flowers. Pretty sumer houses dotted the grounds, and altogether it was one of the most romantic spots in the state. The seminary was built in 1845 by Benjamin Godfrey, the founder and benefactor of the institution. Since then a number of additions have been made. The total loss is \$250,000.

## Miraculous Escape from Death.

OAKLAND, Cal., Nov. 5.—The trains, ferry boats, and other means of conveyance brought thousands of visitors to the city Saturday night, who came to witness the Republican torch-light parade. A band wagon from Temescal, containing seventeen persons, while attempting to cross the tracks, was struck by the Oregon express train, as it rounded the curve, and four horses drawing the vehicle were killed, while all of the passengers miraculously escaped injury.

Later in the night, a train of empty passenger coaches was run into by the Alameda express, a conductor on the former being fatally injured.

## Twenty-Two Persons Drowned at Sea.

LONDON, Nov. 5.—The steamer Saxmundham was sunk off Cowes yesterday by collision with the Norwegian ship Bjorne. Twenty-two of the persons on the Saxmundham are missing. Eight survivors have been landed at Weymouth. The Bjorne was abandoned by her crew, who have been landed at Portland.

## Three Men Lose Their Lives.

BOSTON, Nov. 5.—James Hayes, Henry Gormley and William Sillan were drowned in Rochester bay yesterday afternoon, their sail boat having capsized. Charles Cogswell, who was with the party, was rescued.

## A Philadelphia Assignment.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 8.—William Teltow, a large manufacturer on Philip street, has made an assignment. The liabilities amount to \$40,000.

## The Dastard Train Wrecker.

WABASH, Ind., Nov. 7.—Passengers on the north-bound Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan passenger train which left here Monday evening had a narrow escape at a point five miles from this city. While the train was making forty miles an hour, Engineer Eugene Taylor saw an obstruction on the track, but before he could reverse the engine a collision occurred. The locomotive leaped over the obstruction and partially cleared it. The shock was terrific. It was found that iron rails had been put in a cattle-guard and braced with cross-ties.

## Four Negroes Drowned.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 8.—At 8 o'clock Sunday night William Braselton accompanied by five other colored persons entered a boat to cross the Arkansas river at a point in Faulkner county about thirty miles from here. Midway in the stream the boat ran on a log and was capsized, throwing all the occupants into the water. Braselton and a 18-year-old boy were rescued the other four being drowned. Two of the bodies were recovered Monday morning.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NORRIS, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 88yl

You may light another's candle at your own without loss.

## THE HOMELIEST MAN IN YPSI.

A well as the handsomest, and others, are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits, and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all chronic and acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Consumption. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

While the great bells are ringing no one hears the small ones.

Babies are too highly prized to permit them to suffer with colic, flatulence, etc., when Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup will at once relieve them. Price 25 cents.

A purely vegetable, but most efficacious purgative is offered to the public in Laxer. For sale by all druggists. Price only 25 cents.

Even that fish may be caught that strikes the hardest against it.

My son has been afflicted with nasal catarrh since quite young. I was induced to try Ely's Cream Balm, and before he had used one bottle that disagreeable catarrhal smell had all left him. He appears as well as well in answer. It is the best catarrh remedy in the market. J. C. Olmsted, Arcola, Ill.

Mr. A. Nichols suffered from catarrh for years. He purchased a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm of us. He is now almost cured, and says you cannot recommend it too highly.—Evers Bros., Druggists, Independence, Iowa.

## ERUPTION OF THE SKIN CURED.

Brookville, Ontario, Canada, December 2, 1885.

I have used Brandreth's Pills for the past fifteen years, and think them the best cathartic and anti-bilious remedy known. For some five years I suffered with an eruption of the skin that gave me great pain and annoyance. I tried different local remedies, but, although gaining strength, the itching was unrelieved. I finally concluded to take a thorough course of Brandreth's Pills. I took six each night for four nights, then five, four, three, two, lessening each time by one, and then for one month took one every night, with the happy result that now my skin is perfectly clear and has been so ever since.

Ed. Venney.

You must judge a maiden at the kneading trough, not in a dance.

## Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Ed. Venney.



## THE CHEWERS OF OLD HONESTY TOBACCO.

WILL SOON FIND THAT IT LASTS LONGER, TASTES SWEETER THAN OTHER TOBACCOS, AND WILL PLEASE YOU. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT, AND INSIST ON GETTING IT. EVERY PLUG STAMPED LIKE ABOVE CUT. JNO. FINZER & BROS., Louisville, Ky.

### SULPHUR BITTERS

The Best and Purest Medicine EVER MADE.

It will drive the humor from your system, and make your skin clear and smooth. These Pimples and Blemishes which mar your beauty are caused by impure blood, and can be removed in a short time, if you are treated with Sulphur Bitters. It is the great blood-purifier.

Send 3-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published.







## YPSILANTI BOYS.

(Continued from page one.)

ing rods, blankets, sauce-pans, matches, and all those things that you know which you need on trips like these. Then we all got in and dropped astern just as the sun was washing itself in a cloud bath of melted gold, spattering up red streaks all over the sky, and flooding the unbroken green of the mighty pine forest.

Before us was an undiscovered country, and we hoisted sail to set upon our voyage with all the wonder of a Hudson or a Cook. As we rounded a woody point there came in sight a little town in front of which we cast anchor and waited for the morning. This town was Detour, a place which you will find upon your maps of Michigan at the extreme south-eastern tip of the upper peninsula, consisting of a few lumber piles and a good many saloons. There was one pretty girl in Detour, who stood behind the counter of the bake-shop. She was bright-eyed and rosy, with a greater output of slang to the day than the lumber product of any mill in town, I am sure. Still she was not coarse about it, and said "slobbergasted" and "slab-sided" in such an artless, charming sort of way that one felt disposed to forgive her. My boys very nearly squandered their allowances in her shop, and the number of times the question was asked by one of the crew, "Do we need any more bread?" was very amusing.

We waited for fair weather at Detour, and at length set out to run across the head of Lake Huron to Mackinaw. The coast-line here is broken by innumerable little capes and head-lands, a few of which as named upon the chart tell the religion of the early French explorers; for there are saints and ladies called to mind by the titles of the various points and islands. We passed a big can buoy as large as Harrington's sprinkling wagon and looking somewhat as that would look if floating one end up way cut at sea; and here, the chart informed us was the wreck of the "Garden-City," a steamer which went down in '54. With fog and wind we so lost time that we were not as yet in sight of Mackinaw, and so we ran up to an island to await a better breeze. The boys all went ashore exploring, but they found the woods so thick that save a narrow strip of beach around the island there was scarcely chance to walk. One of them discovered a wooden pall in a state of decent preservation, with the stencil "Torrent" printed on it, and we could not help but wonder what an adventurous life that self-same pall had led; how it had hung in a grocer's window where pretty housewives peeped into it until it went to sea and fell overboard to wander up and down in the wind till at last a heavy gale pitched it high and dry upon this solitary island. Thoreau, another man like Burroughs, a lover of the fields and rivers, tells of finding a brick in the depths of the desolate Maine woods, and what thoughts it waked in him.

A fair wind sprang up in a little while and carried us west till evening, past St. Vetal's Point and into a sandy bay with less than three feet of water, cut off from the lake by a low reef of rocks against which a light sea was splashing. We dropped our anchor here, inside the reef, just as the sun went down, and soon had canopy up and stove a guling and dishes rattling as the cooks got supper ready. As the *Amaranth* is built for racing, without cabin, we put over her every night a thick canvas canopy that completely envelops her, and shuts out wind and weather. I wish you could have seen us in that bay. Outside, the moon came up, and through the opening in the canvas we could see the silver ripples and the snow white surf, and black and desolate, the distant rim of woods that girt us round. Do you know what cosy means? It is a good Scotch word Americans have borrowed. Had you seen us in our snug interior, eating by the lantern light the buttered toast from the shop of the pretty baker, and then watched us roll into our blankets till the gentle rocking of our cradle sent us off to dream-land, you would know what cosy means.

Mackinaw, the isle of wonders, met our eye at nine next morning, but the wind was head, and tack followed tack before we reached the Bois Blanc light; and when we came abreast of Goose Island, with a bump, bump, bump, we found ourselves pounding on the rocks. You cannot tell, you boy, sitting in your comfortable chair reading this, how it feels to look below you and see sharp pointed rocks sticking up under the water, and each swell of the sea lifting you up to pound you down upon them. I know my own heart was in my mouth. We had our sails down in an instant, and our sweeps out blocking her.

"Keep a 'lookout aft'" says Bill. "There's one, look out for it! There's a big one off to starboard!" and in a few moments we have backed out to deep water again. A narrow escape and the result of ignorance, for by the chart we find this shoal put down as plain as ink can make it, and the depth of water 1 ft., 1 1/2 ft., 2 ft., indicated at various places over it. This lesson was not lost upon us, and for the rest of our long voyage the chart was kept at Bill's right hand and looked at many times a day.

To Mackinaw we came at ten o'clock, when the gay, hilarious town was flaming with light. Plank's Grand Hotel upon the hillside seemed encircled in a zone of twinkling diamonds.

I have not time to tell you how we spent the time at Mackinaw, how we saw the yachts that raced in the interna-

tional regatta, how we climbed the sugar-loaf, and arch-rock, and lover's leap, and all those wonderful freaks of nature that make this island so famous. How we sailed from the island to Detour, I could not tell you if I tried. We did not sail, we flew, with our two sheets out wing and wing, with all our baggage loaded aft to keep her bow from plunging under, with a piping breeze a-blowing and long rolling swells chasing hard after us, headed, as our skipper said, "straight for the baker-shop." Detour. We had left the island at 2; we made the pass at 7; and before dark every boy had bought a loaf of bread. That's what I call sailing!

From here we had sixty miles of St. Mary's river, through forever changing scenes of wondrous beauty; islands clumped bigger than a table top, with clumps of trees upon them, others acres in extent, and nothing but bald rock; one as round and perfect as if made by art, and woods arising from it in symmetrical succession to a lofty pine which crowns the summit. There are rapids that come churning down between steep banks through which the steamer in whose tow we were gasped and labored. There are lakes whose shores recede and leave a broad expanse of water, yet so shallow that an artificial channel marked by double rows of buoys must be kept by loaded boats or they will ground. In some places steering must be done by ranges on the shore, big white targets, one behind the other, which the wheelmen keep in line until they reach a certain point, and then take up another pair. When at last we reached the Sault it was Sunday night, and bells were ringing to church.

All the week we saw the wonders of this active, living place. We saw Jay Murray's school and Prof. Bellows holding an institute in it. We saw Pete McKinney's grocery store, and heard news of Dr. Walling who had just left for home. We saw Jack Shaw who helped me in some old-time shows in the Opera House, now a successful lawyer in the Sault; we watched the vessels locking through the ship canal; we crossed the international bridge and had an Indian paddle us through the boiling rapids. I wish you had been there; we'll take you perhaps next summer if you join the COMMERCIAL's cruise; but next summer will be here before I stop, unless I make an end; so farewell.

I have tried to paint a pleasant scene of the parting summer; may all yours be as pleasant.

UNCLE BILLY.



The matinee girl is foremost just now as an exponent of the newest styles in walking costumes. The one here delineated was chosen carefully and without bias from something like five hundred assembled in a Broadway theater. The afternoon was bright, the performance was one that appealed attractively to the sex, and consequently there was a striking display of new autumn toilets. The reason which decided the choice for portraiture was that several positive novelties were embodied in that particular get up. The hat was a modification of the helmet. It will be seen that the fore-and-aft visors are retained, but instead of the smooth, stiff,



THE MATINEE GIRL.

and unpicturesque crown of the masculine helmet a soft millinery arrangement of fabric has been substituted. This is a distinct improvement, and it will popularize the helmet hat among those who otherwise would avoid it as too stiff and unadorned. The next noteworthy thing in this toilet is the jersey, of a sort which is likely to be worn for a while in lieu of a street jacket. It is striped laterally in the woven material, its edges are bordered with black, and its aspect distinguished by black bound white pockets. Four of these are attached at the breast and just forward of the hips. They are conspicuous. Distributed in them the wearer carries an ornamental handkerchief, another for use, her wallet, and enough other little things to make up a collection that would rival the contents of a schoolboy's trousers pockets. The arrangement of the over-drapery is peculiar, the portion of the jersey below the belt being divided at the rear, so that the tournure is visible to the waist line. That is better decidedly than to have the bustle compressed and dis-

tinged by the girthing of an entire en-circlement. Some of the jerseys seen on stylish young women in the street are very elegantly adorned. The woven material, adapting itself perfectly to the form of the wearer, carries its patterns of overlaid decoration very seductively. Graceful girls know this very well, and are therefore likely to use the jersey in some form or other, for a long time to come.

The girl of the promenade—that is, she who manifestly arrays herself for the walk in Broadway, and not for any place or occasion to which the piece of pedestrianism is a necessary service—is indulging in a new freak of demeanor. She carries a bouquet, not in her corsage but in her hand, and she sniffs at it as she saunters. Its flowers match those in her hat, and are such as to harmonize with whatever other colors there may be in her toilet. The hat in this picture is a specimen of about the most pronounced style allowable for city wear by pedestrians. The improved helmet has already been de-



THE PROMENADE GIRL.

scribed. The other pieces of millinery sketched below are worth critical examination, as displaying new ideas in millinery. The one with the wide but closely turned-up brim is a formation of lace, and unlike anything hitherto devised. The two jockey caps are very pretty fancies in the adaptation of masculine headgear. Colors in millinery are sufficiently varied to suit the most fastidious. Green is not quite so popular as it has been, but there are still a number of new shades in this color. Blue in all shades will be the color of the season. Some of the very brightest tints will be seen, but there have also a variety of beautiful new shades been prepared, of which a peculiar blue-gray is especially agreeable to the eye. The scabious has been selected as another variety of blue, but the most novel is a shade that is neither gray nor blue, nor purple, and yet looks like all three against other colors. It has been named lie de vin, though that is not the most descriptive title that could have been chosen.

Church dressing is more elaborate and resplendent this autumn than for many a year past. It has been a doctrine of our most fastidious ladies that religious worship was not compatible with gorgeousness of toilet, but that feeling seems to have suddenly been dispelled to a large degree, and at the church-going hours the avenues afford fine displays of fashion. The accompanying sketch reproduces the toilet of a belle at the extremely stylish Grace Church last Sunday. Yellowish white lace of a value hard to estimate was an abundant feature. The hat was made of it, and it composed the liberal adornment of the front of corsage and skirt, while another length of it was wrapped around her neck. The gown further shows how the prevailing fashion is like current architecture in the city—it has a frontage so ornamental as to make the rear and sides of the structure seem comparatively cheap and mean. A residence on a crowded street will have three of its walls plain brick, while the exposed one only is made architecturally fine with bay windows, carved cornices, sculptured stoops and artistic gargoyles. Now, the fashionable woman of the period seems to regard herself as being like such a house in having only an exposed front, upon which she expends a disproportionate share of her money and ingenuity. She forgets that people view her from all sides, and that a distribution of ornament would be wiser. But we are here descriptive, and not too critical, and it is to be regarded as a fact that embroideries, embossed designs, and applique trimmings are wrought into fronts of gowns more richly than ever before.

An eccentricity of wealthy women of fashion, and one in which they are able to distinguish themselves from people with shorter purses, is an indulgence in very costly buttons. The show cases in the dry goods stores devoted to these things are like jewelry stores, so fine is the workmanship, and so varied the devices of the buttons displayed. These are used for all purposes to which exterior buttons are ordinarily devoted. They are being put on dresses for balls and receptions, and on gowns and wraps for the street. Jewels as rare as genuine pearls and diamonds are often set in them, and many come with places left for the insertion of precious stones. Some of our dames possessing rich stocks of gems are having them transferred to buttons. In many cases artists in jewelry are employed to originate designs, so that a woman with money enough to pay for the luxury may button herself into garments quite individually. Real ivory is carved exquisitely, gold and silver are wrought intricately, and, indeed, the best ingenuity in fine handicraft is just now being employed in the production of beautiful buttons. If the enterprising thief of the period doesn't provide himself with a strong pair of nippers, he is in wait for the belle.

Four foot wood wanted at this office.

with a fortune in her buttons and thereby nip them off her, he will miss the opportunity of his professional life.

The best cup of coffee you ever drank made from Bradley's 25c coffee.

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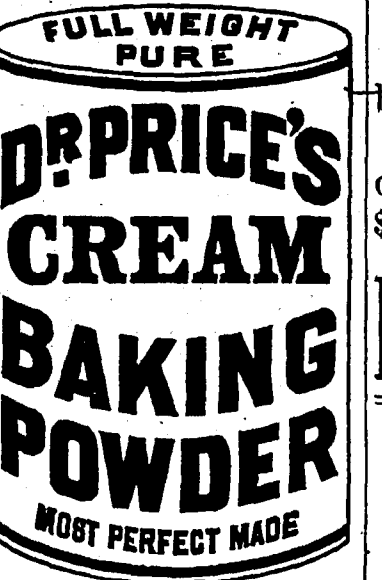
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New Varieties of Potatoes. Seed potatoes of the new varieties, the Maiden's Blush, and the Monarch of the West, for sale by the originator, Edward Reese, one-half mile west of Fair Ground.

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